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ARMY JACK:

SERGEANT-MAJOR OF M TROOP, SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

By W. J. Carney and Chauncey Thomas.

I GOT Jack from old Bill Davis the prize-fighter, then young and in his prime, when he was training at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, for his fight with Tom Allen or McCool—I forget which; but I shall never forget that it was he who gave me that wriggling little bull pup. I was so taken with the gritty, curly-nosed little fellow that I took him across the plains with me and raised him as a true cavalryman—or dog.

From a rollicking youngster, busy all day buncoing goodies out of the cook or worrying an old boot, Jack, as he grew up to doghood, rose to the highest rank an enlisted man in the regular army could then reach, that of sergeant-major. As such he assumed the command of the Troop; although there was always a coolness—and once or twice a very hot time—between him and Ring over the horses. But over the men Jack was supreme. And he had the insignia of his rank, too: conferred on him by Nature herself. These marks the boys called his chevrons. With the exception of these, Jack was white all over. On each side was a bunch of black lines that looked for all the world like sergeant-major stripes, and connecting them across the back was one black mark. Hence, officially, he was always saluted and addressed as "Sergeant-Major"; but when off duty he unlimbered, and then you could call him Jack. Jack also had a heavy black ring around his left eye, which sadly interfered with his dignity on state occasions.

Unless Jack was out of the fort on some other business, he did not miss guard-mount. As soon as the detail formed for the new guard, Jack would come bounding up; and when the band began to play, Jack would stiffen up, don all his dignity, and take his place in line beside the sergeant-major; and there he would sit, solemnly blinking, until the guard was formed. Then, when the adjutant walked down the line to inspect the

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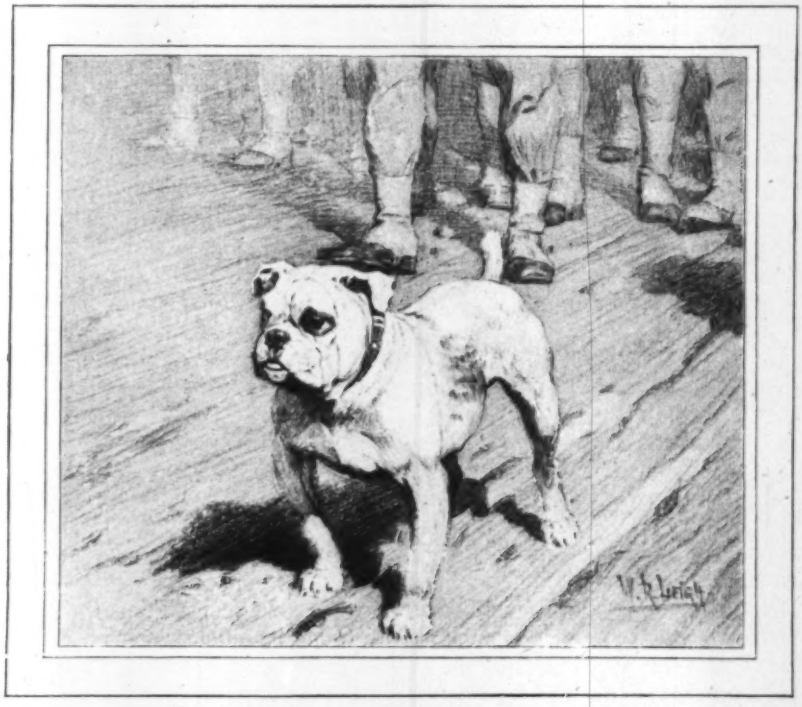
guard, Jack was right behind him, watching the work as if he were responsible for the whole thing, and not once was he known to get in the way. Then, at the order, "Parade rest!" Jack would turn sharply, facing the captain, sit up, and, as the men brought the right foot back into position, Jack tried to imitate them, as well as a dog could, by bringing one of his hind feet a little back. There he would sit as solid and motionless as a dog of white iron, looking straight at the captain, as much as to say: "Sir, the battalion is formed. You see my men are well drilled." And all the time that comical left eye was blinking away. Then, when the band struck up and marched down the line of men, Jack —beg pardon—the sergeant-major would march in solemn state with them: but when the music made the turn and change from a dead march to a quick-step, that old dog would prick up his torn ears and the little tail would stand on end, and he would frisk and bark along in front of the band, as vainglorious as any negro drum-major, and barking out: "See me! Look at me! I'm doing this!"

At one time a new officer came to the fort and was soon acting as adjutant. One of the boys had tied a full set of sergeant-major stripes on Jack. The old fellow felt very proud of his new clothes as he took his usual place in line at dress parade. But the new adjutant got his eye on Jack and shouted, "Get out of here!" drew his sword, and started to cut him down. Sergeant Shea grabbed his arm and begged him to stop. This virtual mutiny enraged the officer, and the sergeant stood to get a heavy sentence (probably two years or more in the military penitentiary), when the Old Man (Captain Mix, commander of M Troop), who had seen it all, came hurrying down, and we heard him whisper to the adjutant: "You don't understand, Adjutant. That is Jack, Sergeant-Major Jack, the veteran of M Troop, the best soldier in the fort. Shea didn't mean any harm. Sergeant Shea is one of our best men; and that dog—Adjutant, the men swear by that dog. Besides, he's a personal friend of mine." This set everything right. The adjutant, being a good fellow, smiled, forgave the sergeant—in fact, I believe secretly thanked him—reached down and patted Jack, and every man then and there silently voted the adjutant a trump.

Although Jack chummed with the officers, he had the enlisted man's suspicion of shoulder straps; and when it came to a choice between an officer and a man, Jack always sided with the man. When it came my turn to stand guard, Jack was always at



"'SIR, THE BATTALION IS FORMED.'"

my side, unless he had to look after some unusual noise in camp. Sometimes when all was still and Jack sat on his haunches by my side, looking a hole into the night and trying to decide whether that object out there moving ever so slightly was a featherhead or only a soap weed, suddenly a rumpus would break loose somewhere in camp. Giving me a look as much as to say, "I'll go 'tend to it—you stay here," away he would go. Perhaps a mule in a commissary team had been cast and was kicking and yehawing. Jack would rush up near the animal and dodge right in among the men as if to help. Yet he always kept out of the way. When the mule was again on his feet, he would frisk about the men, apparently the best satisfied one in the crowd, then go look up into the face of the mule or horse, as if to say: "Now, see that this does not occur again in a hurry." This done, he would come running back to me, and try to tell me what all the fuss was about. When I said I understood, he was tickled to death, and hardly knew what to do with himself; but sometimes, just to tease him, when he got all through I would ask, "What was all that racket, Jack?" That was too much. He would put on the disgusted look, and with his stump of a tail tucked close between his legs would walk along in front, and every little while look back at me thoroughly vexed; and if a dog's eyes could talk, his would say, "Oh, let me alone! What is the good of trying to pound anything into your head?"

"He would go sniffing along the yawning line, and when he found a stupefied man, shake, pull, and jerk . . . until he had the sleeper fully awake."

When we were all worn out from days and nights in the saddle, and a short rest was absolutely necessary, the Old Man would lead the company into a deep ravine or under the shelter of some high bluffs, and post a few pickets on the high ground to insure us against surprise. As we were mostly young men, of course it was hard to wake some of us, and that was the time Jack got in his fine work. He would go sniffing along the yawning line, and when he found a stupefied man, shake, pull, and jerk, and never let up until he had the sleeper fully awake. Many of the boys were very ugly, but Jack always good-naturedly dodged the cup or canteen thrown at him, and returned to the attack; and when he did succeed in getting his sleepy friend's eyes open, and made him understand what was up, he'd watch for the scowl to disappear, then come up, wiggling his tail as if saying, "Now let's be friends again."

I remember one night we stopped at Buffalo John's deserted ranch for a rest of two hours. We had come from Moor's Fifty-Mile Ranch, and I guess that some of the men had put in a pretty good supply of tanglefoot, for they were more than sleepy, especially one young man, whose name I won't mention. This one man was bound to have his sleep out, so he hid himself behind a little outbuilding in the old corral. But Jack had his eye on him. When it was time to go on, the Old Man gave the word, and in a few moments we were all ready to start. But Jack was in an awful sputter. He dashed back into the corral, growled and barked, then out again and after the rear-guard, looked up at them, barked, whined, and lay down on his side and kind of growled, trying in every way a dog could to imitate the snoring man, then ran back a few yards, stopped and turned his head to see if he was followed, or understood. "What do you suppose ails Jack?" said one of the guard. "Guess he has a skunk, and wants the Old Man to deploy a skirmish line to help him capture it," said Corporal Carroll. "He acts as if one of the men was left." At this Jack barked, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" for all he was worth, but the sergeant did not understand bull-dog. "No, that can't be," said Jack Williams, "for when you told me to see that all were in line, I went everwhere. They're all here. Jack, you old fool, shut up." But Jack would not shut up; he barked and whined and begged them, dog fashion, to follow him; then ran to me, and stretched up to me with his feet on my stirrup, so pleadingly that I rode back part way to see what could be the trouble. They assured me that

"GRABBED HOLD OF JACK'S STUBBY LITTLE TAIL, . . . AND BEGAN KICKING HIM IN THE BELLY."

all were in line, and as I had no right to go back on a polecat hunt even to please Jack, I rode forward to my place in the column. But I was no more satisfied than Jack, for I knew Jack was a dog of vast common sense. Jack now saw that he must do something desperate, and he went kiting off to the old ranch. Soon he came back, and at every bound gave out a smothered bark that caused every man to turn in his saddle. What they saw made them all set up a laugh. Cocked on the dog's head, the rim in his mouth, was the sleeping soldier's old black campaign hat. And the fun of it was that Jack carried the hat in such a way that it not only had the brass lettering and cross sabers to the front—by accident of course—but it also had a rakish tilt that made him—with that black eye of his—look like a bold bad bull-dog. I have never seen a more comical sight than that dog's eyes as he looked up at us from under that hat; and when he saw that we understood, he could hardly contain himself. Jack was at once given a squad—with Corporal Carroll for an assistant—and went back after his man. They found him dead asleep, and dead something else; so much so that he had to be roped to his horse.

The worst trouble I ever got tangled up in while in the army was caused by a man kicking Jack, and without any reason whatever. It came about in this way: Jack and I had just arrived at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, with a despatch from Troops M and H, then out on a scout near the Republican River. It was in the dead of winter, and all of us—horse, dog, and man—were badly played out. While I, still mounted, was making my report verbally to Major Howland, poor, tired, hungry Jack was standing about fifty yards away over near the guard-house, perfectly still and well behaved, not barking or disturbing any one. One of the men on guard, a member of C Troop, named McCarthy, grabbed hold of Jack's stubby little tail, jerked his hind quarters into the air, and began kicking him in the belly. Poor Jack was thin, and the hollow thud of that heavy boot on his ribs went to my heart. Although I was reporting to an officer on official business, and although McCarthy was on sentinel duty, I shouted to the brute to stop, put the spurs to Dan, and tried to ride McCarthy down. But he dodged me, still holding Jack helpless in the air and again kicked him. I had the presence of mind not to draw a six-shooter, but I leaped from Dan's back on to McCarthy's neck, and whirling him around gave him just what he had been giving Jack, and did not let up until arrested by the sergeant of the guard. All the while brave old Jack, at my command, did not use his teeth, showing much better discipline and obedience to orders just then than did his master. Well, I had done a serious thing. I had attacked a sentinel on duty, for which not a few men have been shot or hung; I had thrown my own duty of reporting to Major Howland to the winds—in fact, I had shattered a whole book of military rules, but I had stopped that boot from resounding against Jack's thin sides. Into the guard-house they took us, McCarthy and me; and here, a stranger and alone, I was locked in the big iron cell

where many members of McCarthy's troop were confined. The veteran will understand my position. Poor Jack followed me into prison, and here for a time we were both subjected to the wrath and abuse of cowardly McCarthy's friends; but when the whole thing was fully explained to them, their own love of fair play prompted them to side with Jack and me. If the commissioned officers had not done the same, my path would have been a hard one. But on telling my story, backed up by those who saw the trouble—even by Major Howland himself—I was given a word of caution and set free. But the fellow who kicked Jack never heard the end of it.

Jack was a great hunter. This is something rare in a bull-dog, yet every night he was out on a hunt; and if he succeeded in killing anything, he would bring it straight to me. One morning as the company stood in ranks I saw Jack coming toward us at a trot. Every little while, however, he would sit down and rest—he who was never tired—and as he came nearer I noticed that he carried in his mouth something which, when he stopped, he would lay down with great care, look at rather oddly, then pick it up and come trotting on, only to drop it again. The nearer the chap got to me the stronger the air became, until he was inside the fort, and not more than two hundred feet from where the company still stood at reveille. I saw at once that Jack was in doubt as to the reception I would extend to him and his trophy. While I was looking at him, that smart old bull sat panting on his haunches, his tongue hanging out, as innocent as you please; but when I took my eyes off him he'd pick up his game and run toward me. Soon the truth could no longer be concealed. All the boys had their hands to their noses; and before I could say a word to prevent it, Jack made a dash and deposited at my feet a fine specimen of western skunk in full perfume. Whew! He instantly retreated to a safe distance, where he sat with his head on one side, eying me with that knowing look you have seen a dog assume at times. Before I could make up my mind what to do, the Old Man, holding his nose with the rest, shouted out under his hand: "Carney, take that skunk out behind the barracks! Quick! Do you hear?" Well, sir, I was in a fix. I left the ranks and commanded Jack to take his late friend and follow me. It seemed he fully understood me, and taking Mr. Skunk between his teeth, he trotted solemnly along at my heels, while I went first out behind the cook-house to get a shovel. Here we had the place to ourselves, the wind having

"THE KING WOLF HAD MET HIS MATCH."

brought the news of our coming. There I buried the polecat. Then while everybody stood around some distance off, and gave advice, I doused Jack in a barrel of warm water and washed him with soap and sand. He was all curled up during the bath, and had that trembling, shame-faced look I have seen on little children when punished for wrong-doing. He never again hunted polecats.

I shall never forget the first night I was on guard over the horses. Although I had seen plenty of service in the South against the Johnny Rebs, the plains and Indians were new to me; I was a regular cactus-treading tenderfoot. We were in danger of an attack by the Sioux and Cheyennes, and had the horses tied in a circle. All was dark and still, when about one in the morning I was startled by an unearthly howl; it seemed to come up out of the ground right under my feet. Before I had time to think, there was another, louder and more terrifying than the first, and now they were all around me; and I will say that never in all my experience on the plains was I ever so scared as right then and there. But Jack was not—he never was—and away he went out between and beyond the line of plunging horses, a white streak that melted almost instantly into the night. Being then no plainsman, I had never heard the like before; and of course the thought that those infernal yells came from anything but Indian throats never entered my head. The devilish racket suddenly changed to the rumbling growls of Jack, who had plunged into the hopeless contract of whipping about a thousand more or less of snarling, snapping little prairie wolves. Jack was a dead game dog, and would not ki-ki no matter how much he was hurt, but I knew from those smothered growls that he was in trouble and needed reënforcements, and needed them quick; so I asked the sergeant of the guard to relieve me long enough to go to Jack's assistance. By this time the whole camp was on its feet, and nearly all the boys except those on guard followed me. The Old Man made no objection, for he knew that, with so many coyotes around, no Indians were near. As we rushed out the coyotes broke and ran, but still the battle went on, for Jack went with them, fighting all the time. And it was not until he had led us more than a mile that we came up with them; and we could not have done so even then had not one of the wolves, bigger and gamer than most of them, closed in on Jack. But the king wolf had met his match, for when we got to them Jack's teeth were set in the tawny throat, and they were both down on the ground fighting for dear life. A knife-thrust ended the trouble, and we pulled them apart; but Jack was still furiously eager to eat the whole tribe. When we got him back to the light of the campfire, I found him all cut up, for the lance-like teeth of the coyotes had torn him up bad, and he was very weak from loss of blood—yet not a whimper out of him. As we dressed his wounds and patched him up, he stood it like a soldier. I tell you, M Troop was proud of him!

All the dogs at the fort had a fashion of following the company to water call; and it was a picnic for them to play around the horses down to the water and back. Sergeant Carrick usually had charge of this, and he and I had been close friends for years; in fact, from the day we became acquainted in Carlisle Barracks in sixty-six. He was a brave, good man, a splendid soldier, and a firm friend; but he was cursed with a temper that sometimes got the better of him. One day as the company went down to water he rode a new horse, one that was full of kinks, and that reared and danced all the time. All the dogs except Jack made the most of this, of course; and had great fun barking and leaping around the bucking horse, which so angered Carrick that he pulled his six-shooter and shot at Fly, wounding the beautiful hound in the side. The insanely furious man now swore that he would shoot every dog in the line, and began galloping up and down the column trying to get a good shot at any of them. Jack was walking beside my horse, and had taken no part whatever in the frolic. I watched the sergeant as he came galloping up, wild with passion, six-shooter in hand, and with blood in his eye; and as he neared I raised my hand to him and spoke low, telling him to cool down—that he might be sorry for what he was doing. "I'll kill every dog in the fort! Get out of the way, so I won't hit your horse's legs!" he shouted. I said quietly: "Fatty, you don't mean that you would kill Jack, do you?" "Yes, I will." "Carrick, you and I have been pretty good friends; but you must not hurt Jack," I said earnestly. "Ride out of the way, I tell you. I'll show you whether I will or not!" he ordered, cocking his revolver. "Well, old man," I said, "if you will, you will," and bending down I grabbed Jack by the loose skin of the neck, and pulled him up and across Dan's withers before me, for

"'NOW,' I SAID, 'FIRE AWAY.'"

I was riding bareback. "Now," I said, "fire away. But be sure you kill us both, for if you don't—" "What!" he roared. "Do you threaten me?" "I have not threatened you, Fatty, but *don't—kill—my—dog!*" Carrick looked at me for a moment, and the anger-light faded from his eyes, and lowering his revolver he rode on to the head of the column. Before we reached the stables Carrick was sorry, and he was the first to try to help poor Fly; but she had to be killed. He felt worse about it than did even Gorham, her owner; for Gorham forgave him, but he never forgave himself. That hasty shot cost Carrick many friends and the loss of much respect throughout the troop; for it was Jack who found Sullivan's frozen body in the snow; it was Jack who gave the first alarm the night the stables burned; it was Jack who found old man Belnap when he was asleep down on the bank of the river, and would have frozen to death had he stayed out all night; it was Jack who went with us through cold and hunger, through fighting and want, on the long campaigns; he was the life of the fort, and an earnest mourner at all soldier's funerals; and when the firing party sent their good-by volleys over the grave, Jack would howl as a dog will at the tolling of a bell.

Jack was one of the most knowing dogs I ever knew. He acquired a whole college education of tricks; but that of which he was proudest was riding Dan to water. Now most people think that a bull-dog is nothing but a great, surly brute, savage toward everything, and with only enough mind to sink his teeth into anything and hang on till he dies; but this is an error. Although Jack would fight to the last drop of blood, yet he would play like a child, love like a woman, and had almost the mind and character of a man—yet he was nothing but a seared-up, old white bull-dog.

Jack and Dan were great friends. Jack slept at Dan's head under the manger nearly every night—certainly he would if he was in the fort—and the horse and dog knew and understood each other. When no one else understood him, Jack could always go to Dan, rub noses, and then it was all right. When Jack first began learning to ride I used

to put him on Dan's broad back, and there he would sit with the bridle reins between his teeth, and balance and slip and slide to keep his seat; but pretty soon off he would fall—and how disgusted he would be. But he would try just as hard next time; and when Dan would start to walk, Jack would balance like a rope-walker, but off he would go again, although Dan was as careful not to throw him as a horse could be. The thing that hurt Jack most was that whenever he fell off, Ring never failed to show his delight, which Jack pretended not to notice. But Jack kept on trying, and one day he succeeded. I shall never forget it, the first time that dog managed to keep his seat from the stables to the river and back. Great, splendid Dan, his beautiful glossy neck arched, was walking as if on eggs, and almost afraid to move, he was so careful; and there on those broad, moving bay hips sat that old, chewed-eared, white bull-dog, the reins in his teeth and his square head jerking from side to side as the horse stepped. When Dan stopped at the stable-door and Jack leaped voluntarily from his back and ran to me, that stubby tail fairly buzzing, if ever a dog said, "See me? Ain't I smart?" that dog did. Jack was a proud dog, and how he did whoof and scratch dirt in front of Ring, "Do *that* if you can."

". . . and there sat that old . . . white bull-dog, the reins in his teeth and his square head jerking from side to side."

Jack had one thing all to himself, however, and that was his pet toad. It was the same toad always, for we marked him by clipping off the least bit of one of his toes. Of course, I am not going to say that the toad lived through the winter; but Jack had a toad two summers, and I often regretted that its toe had not been marked the year before. I don't know where he kept it, but he did keep the toad somewhere; for at any time he would jump up as if the notion had just struck him, run out behind the cook-house, and come trotting back with his toad.

Then he would play with his pet, tossing it high in the air and catching it in his mouth as it came sprawling down. He seemed never to hurt the toad, and the toad did not act afraid.

Jack and his toad made one of the funniest sights I have ever seen. When he would be playing with his pet I would call him to me, and then hold him away from it. He would turn and, looking back at the toad, give a short, peculiar whine; and I declare if that little reptile would not hop over to him, and sit content between the dog's forelegs. Jack would cock that knowing head of his, squint that black eye, and putting forth one paw roll the little thing on the ground, turn him over, and watch him get back. And when, after much wiggling and squirming, which tickled Jack immensely, the toad at last flopped over on its feet again, that old bull-dog would arch his neck, and looking down, open his mouth just as if he were laughing, and I believe he was. That wise Doctor of Something who defined Man as "the animal that laughs" never owned a dog. Jack would sometimes close his teeth on his playfellow, and then he would froth at the mouth. I tried to make him stop this, but I never could, for he would grab his little friend and run away. Many times I tried to follow and find out his hiding-place, but he would be out of sight in the long weeds out behind the hay-stacks - so quick that I got left, and when I would meet him returning he was the most innocent dog you ever saw. But when Jack wanted Mr. Toad, he knew where to find him.

But Jack's days were numbered. He began to be cold and backward, and when I called him he would sulk and look sideways. One day I tried to catch him, and he growled at me the first time in his life. Astonished, and not a little hurt as I was, I had not the time just then to spend with him, for I was on duty. He kept by himself all day, and about five that evening he went over to Mother Finn's for supper, which he would do when I was on guard. As he

would not come in, but growled at the old lady, she became a little afraid of him and closed the door; but Kitty, her eighteen-year-old daughter, was in the house to see her father, who was then on his death-bed, and came out on her way over to the officers' quarters. Kitty and Jack were always great friends, and when the dog noticed that she had been crying, he trotted over to her and looked up in her face with such a look of sympathy that the kind-hearted girl bent over and patted him, saying: "Oh, mother, come and see Jack." The old lady came to the door, and when she saw Jack, she said: "I don't like his actions, Kitty. You remember the dog your father had at Fort Wayne? He was like Jack, and one day I saw him do as the lad did to-night, and he went mad, and they had to shoot him. So I wouldn't go near him again if I were you." "Poor old Jack ain't mad; are you, Jack?" answered Kitty. "I know what it is, mother. You know how good poor father has been to Jack, and maybe he knows that now father is dying—" And here the poor girl burst into tears again, and started across the parade ground. Jack, as was his wont, fell in behind her. She again stooped over to pet him, but he was looking into her face with a glare she did not understand, and as her hand pressed his head, he snapped at it and sank his teeth into the flesh until the blood came. Kitty screamed, and Jack crouched at her feet as if he were sorry; and when a few of the men ran out to take care of the girl, Jack jumped at them, and would not let them come near her; it seemed to be his notion now to guard her from everybody; he acted as if he knew he had done wrong, but could not help it. They did not hurt the dog, but sent for me. I was on stable guard and got away long enough to run up to where quite a crowd had now gathered around the girl and dog. There stood my poor Jack, mine no longer. He did not know me. I whispered to Kitty to run to the hospital and tell the doctor all about it at once, for such a bite was dangerous; but she, poor girl, felt so bad for her friend, that she begged me not to hurt Jack. There he was, wanting to come to me, and dared not, so I called and petted him; but all the time I was watching out for him, for there was that in his bloodshot eyes that said as plain as words, "Look out for me." Those knowing, loving eyes had become red, bitter, and fierce; but slowly the danger light died out of them, and in this moment of intelligence my poor, noble old Jack looked from one to the other of us about him as if afraid of himself. I said, "Come, old boy, let us find the toad," and started off. He made as if to follow me, then lost his head again and growled and snapped. I walked up close to him and tried to get hold of his heavy leather collar, but he ran, snapping, snarling, and barking, down toward the stables. I now knew that he would soon be running amuck; and I hastened to the stable to warn the boys to shut up Ring. But Jack ran around the stables and back again toward the barracks; then seeing me, whom he now seemed to fear, whirled about and made back for the stables again. He ran up to Pete Meyers, the half-witted stableman, and crouched at his feet as if for help. Pete held the crazed dog by the collar and pinned him to the ground until two of the boys could tie a rope into each side of it. Walking twenty feet apart, so that he could not get at either of them, they led him down to the old icehouse, and tied one rope to a post and the other to the lock of the door. Here we tried to do something for him, but Captain Mix sent for me. "Carney, Jack must be shot." "Must he, Captain?" "I'm sorry, Carney; I think as much of Jack as you do, but he must." "Then give me a mounted pass and fifteen minutes to get out of the fort." "Certainly," he said; the old captain was a kind man. I begged Jerry Gorham, who was the best shot in the troop, to be the executioner. He at first refused, but because of his sympathy with my sorrow

"Jack had one thing all to himself, however, and that was his pet toad."

he at last consented. "It seems like murder, but for Jack's sake I will," he said. Then I rode over to say good-by to Jack. "Take care there, Carney!" said the guard. "You had better not go near him." But I bent over and kissed that wrinkled old forehead. He feebly knew me. With Dan on the run, I left the fort. I did not hear the shot fired that killed my friend.

When I returned, my comrades were kindly silent. Jack was dead. I was only a boy, still in my 'teens, and had never known what a good home was or what it was to have any one love me; and Jack's love was good and pure and true. That night I did not sleep.

A neat box was made by the post carpenter and stained by the painter, and in it was placed Jack's dead body. The blood had been washed away, and the wound where his life went out was covered, and he lay as I had so often seen him when asleep on my blanket. The next day permission was given by Captain Mix to bury him in the regular post cemetery, and a little to one side of the other graves. Some of the boys formed a firing party, and others suggested that M Troop march to the funeral, which suggestion all fell in with. A request was made to the quartermaster for one of the ambulances in which to take Army Jack to the Hill, but to this I and others objected, thinking that it was going too far, though to my mind there was nothing too good for my old friend. Finally it was agreed to have four of the boys act as pall-bearers; so they took up the black box, placed it on a hastily made stretcher, and walked slowly at the head of the procession. I was greatly surprised to find every man of M Troop who was not on duty in line. And as the procession neared the hospital at the upper side of the fort, members of the three infantry companies fell in behind the boys of M Troop, so that, by the time the column was well outside the fort, there behind the coffin of Army Jack walked nearly two hundred men.

When Jack was lowered into his resting-place, six of the boys stepped to the side of the grave, drew their Remington six-shooters, and stood ready. The orders were given, the bugles blew the long death-call, and they fired three volleys over the body. Then the dirt was shoveled in. I could not keep back the tears, nor did I try. He was a dog, just an every-day bull-dog, but the dirt never covered a truer friend than my Jack. Some of the men not of M Troop pointed at me and said, "Look at Carney, he's crying," but I paid no attention to this, for as I looked about me I could see very few dry eyes. And to the everlasting credit of brave old Captain Mix, be it known that as I turned away I saw him there standing at salute by Jack's grave.

"The bugles blew the long death-call, and they fired three volleys over the body."

THE FOREST RUNNER.

By Stewart Edward White,

Author of "The Westerners."

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I. AND II.—Henry Thorpe, a young "land-looker," finds some valuable timber with signs that big capitalists are preparing to steal it. Passing himself off as a hunter, he prepares his map to claim the land. A friendly Indian joins him, and shares his camp.

CHAPTER III.

THE BREAKING OF SOLITUDE.

IN the days that followed, Thorpe cruised about the great woods. It was slow business, but fascinating. He knew that when he should embark on his attempt to enlist considerable capital in 'an unsight unseen' investment, he would have to be well supplied with statistics. To be sure he was not much of a timber estimator, nor did he know the methods usually employed; but his experience, observation, and reading had developed a latent sixth sense by which he could appreciate quality, difficulties of logging, and such kindred practical matters.

First of all he walked over the country at large, to find where the best timber lay. This was a matter of tramping; though often on an elevation he succeeded in climbing a tall tree, whence he caught bird's-eye views of the country at large. He always carried his gun with him, and was prepared at a moment's notice to seem engaged in hunting, either for game or for spots in which later to set his traps. The expedient was, however, unnecessary.

Next he ascertained the geographical location of the different clumps and forests, entering the sections, the quarter-sections, even the separate forties in his note-book, taking in only the "descriptions" containing the best pine.

Finally he wrote accurate notes concerning the topography of each and every pine district—the lay of the land; the hills, ravines, swamps, and valleys; the distance from the river; the character of the soil. In short, he accumulated all the information he could by which the cost of logging might be estimated.

The work went much quicker than he had anticipated, mainly because he could give his entire attention to it. Injun Charley attended to the commissary, with a delight in the process that removed it from the category of work. When it rained, an infrequent occurrence, the two hung Thorpe's rubber blanket before the opening of the dryest shelter, and waited philosophically for the weather to clear. Injun Charley had finished the first canoe, and was now leisurely at work on another. Thorpe had filled his note-book with the class of statistics just described. He decided now to attempt an estimate of the timber.

For this he had really too little experience. He knew it, but determined to do his best. The weak point of his whole scheme lay in that it was going to be impossible for him to allow the prospective purchaser a chance of examining the pine. That difficulty Thorpe hoped to overcome by inspiring personal confidence in himself. If he failed to do so, he might return with a land-looker whom the investor trusted, and the two could reënact the comedy of this summer. Thorpe hoped, however, to avoid the necessity. It would be too dangerous. He set about a rough estimate of the timber.

Injun Charley intended evidently to work up a trade in buckskin during the coming winter. Although the skins were in poor condition at this time of the year, he tanned three more, and smoked them. In the daytime he looked the country over as carefully as did Thorpe; but he ignored the pines, and paid attention only to hard wood and the beds of little creeks. Injun Charley was in reality a trapper, and he intended to get many fine skins in this promising district. He worked on his tanning and his canoe-making late in the afternoon.

One evening, just at sunset, Thorpe was helping the Indian shape his craft. The loose sac of birch-bark sewed to the long beech oval was slung between two tripods. Injun Charley had fashioned a number of thin flexible cedar strips of certain arbitrary lengths and widths. Beginning with the smallest of these, Thorpe and his companion were catching one end under the beech oval, bending the strip bow-shape inside the sac, and catching again the other side of the oval. Thus the spring of the bent cedar pressing against the inside of the birch-bark sac, distended it tightly. The cut of the sac and the length of the cedar strips gave to the canoe its graceful shape.

The two men bent at their task, the dull glow of evening falling full upon them. Behind them the knoll stood out in picturesque relief against the darker pine—the little shelters, the fire-places of green spruce, the blankets, the guns, a deer's carcass suspended by the feet from a cross pole, the drying buckskin on either side. The river rushed by with a never-ending roar and turmoil. Through its shouting one perceived, as through a mist, the still lofty peace of evening.

A young fellow, hardly more than a boy, exclaimed with keen delight of the picturesque as his canoe shot around the bend into sight of it.

The canoe was large and powerful, but well filled. An Indian knelt in the stern; then intervened much dunnage; then the young fellow sat in the bow. He was a bright-faced, eager-eyed, curly-haired young fellow, all enthusiasm and fire. His figure was trim and clean, but rather slender; and his movements were quick, but nervous. When he stepped carefully out on the flat rock to which his guide brought the canoe with a swirl of the paddle, one initiated would have seen that his clothes, while strong and serviceable, had been bought from a sporting catalogue. There was a trimness, a neatness about them.

"This is a good place," he said to the guide; "we'll camp here." Then he turned up the steep little bank without looking back.

"Hullo!" he called in a cheerful, unembarrassed fashion to Thorpe and Charley. "How are you? Care if I camp here? What you making? By jove! I never saw a canoe made before. I'm going to watch you. Keep right at it."

He sat on one of the outcropping bowlders and took off his hat.

"Say, you've got a great place here. You here all summer? Hullo! You've got a

"He caught bird's-eye views."

deer hanging up. Are there many of 'em around here? I'd like to kill a deer first rate. I never have. It's sort of out of season now, isn't it?"

"We only kill the bucks," replied Thorpe.

"I like fishing, too," went on the boy. "Are there any here? In the pool? John," he called to his guide, "bring me my fishing tackle."

In a few moments he was whipping the pool with long, graceful drops of the fly. He proved to be an adept. Thorpe and Injun Charley stopped work to watch him. At first the Indian's stolid countenance seemed a trifle doubtful. After a time it cleared.

"Good!" he grunted.

"You do that well," Thorpe remarked. "Is it difficult?"

"It takes practice," replied the boy. "See that riffle." He whipped the fly lightly within six inches of a little suction hole; a fish at once rose and struck.

The others had been little fellows and easily handled. At the end of fifteen minutes the newcomer landed a fine two-pounder.

"That must be fun," commented Thorpe. "I never happened to get in with fly-fishing. I'd like to try it some time."

"Try it now," urged the boy, enchanted that he could teach a woodsman anything.

"No," Thorpe declined, "not to-night. To-morrow, perhaps."

The other Indian had by now finished the erection of a tent, and had begun to cook supper over a little sheet-iron camp stove. Thorpe and Charley could smell ham.

"You've got quite a pantry," remarked Thorpe pleasantly.

"Won't you eat with me?" proffered the boy hospitably.

But Thorpe declined. He could, however, see canned goods, hard-tack, and condensed milk.

In the course of the evening the boy approached the older men's camp, and with a charming diffidence asked permission to sit a while at their fire.

He was full of delight over everything that savored of the woods or woodcraft. The most trivial and everyday affairs of the life interested him. His eager questions, so frankly proffered, aroused even the taciturn Charley to eloquence. The construction of the shelter, the cut of a deer's hide, the simple process of "jerking" venison—all these awakened his enthusiasm.

"It must be great to live in the woods," he said with a sigh, "to do all things for yourself. It's so free!"

The men's moccasins interested him. He asked a dozen questions about them—how they were cut, whether they did not hurt the feet, how long they would wear. He

seemed surprised to learn that they are excellent in cold weather.

"I thought *any* leather would wet through in the snow," he cried. "I wish I could get a pair somewhere!" he exclaimed. "You don't know where I could buy any, do you?" he asked of Thorpe.

"I don't know," answered he. "Perhaps Charley here will make you a pair."

"*Will* you, Charley?" cried the boy.

"I mak' him," replied the Indian stolidly.

The many-voiced night of the woods descended close about the little camp-fire, and its soft breezes wafted stray sparks here and there like errant stars. The newcomer, with shining eyes, breathed deep in satisfaction. He was keenly alive to the romance, the grandeur, the mystery, the beauty of the littlest things, seeming to derive a deep and solid contentment from the mere contemplation of the woods and its ways and creatures.

"I just *do* love this!" he cried again and again. "Oh, it's great, after all that fuss down there!" And he cried it so fervently that the other men smiled, but so genuinely that the smile had in it nothing but kindliness.

"I came out for a month," said he suddenly, "and I guess I'll stay the rest of it right here. You'll let me go with you sometimes hunting, won't you?" He appealed to them with the sudden open-heartedness of a child. "I'd like first-rate to kill a deer."

"Sure," said Thorpe. "Glad to have you."

"My name is Wallace Carpenter," said the boy, with a sudden, unmistakable air of good breeding.

"Well," laughed Thorpe, "two old woods loafers like us haven't got much use for names. Charley here is called Geezigut, and mine's nearly as bad; but I guess plain Charley and Harry will do."

"All right, Harry," replied Wallace.

After the young fellow had crawled into the sleeping bag which his guide had spread for him over a fragrant layer of hemlock and balsam, Thorpe and his companion smoked one more pipe. The whip-poor-wills called back and forth across the river. Down in the thicket, fine, clear, beautiful, like the silver thread of a dream, came the notes of the white-throat, the nightingale of the North. Injun Charley knocked the last ashes from his pipe.

"Him nice boy," said he.

"'*I came out for a month . . . and I guess I'll stay the rest of it right here.*'"

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEANS TO THE END.

THE young fellow stayed three weeks, and was a constant joy to Thorpe. His enthusiasms were so whole-souled, his delight so perpetual, his interest so fresh. The most trivial expedient of woods lore seemed to him wonderful. A dozen times a day he exclaimed in admiration or surprise over some bit of woodcraft practised by Thorpe or one of the Indians.

"Do you mean to say you have lived here six weeks and only brought in what you could carry on your backs?" he cried.

"Sure," Thorpe replied.

"Harry, you're wonderful! I've got a whole canoe-load, and imagined I was traveling light and roughing it. You beat Robinson Crusoe. He had a whole ship to draw from."

"My Man Friday helps me out," answered Thorpe, laughingly indicating Injun Charley.

Nearly a week passed before Wallace managed to kill a deer. The animals were plenty enough, but the young man's volatile and eager attention stole his patience. And what few running shots offered he missed, mainly because of buck fever. Finally, by a lucky chance, he broke a four-year-old's neck, dropping him in his tracks. The hunter was wildly delighted. He insisted on doing everything for himself—cruel hard work it was, too—including the toting and skinning. Even the tanning he had a share in. At first he wanted the hide cured "with the hair on." Injun Charley explained that the fur would drop out. It was the wrong season of the year for pelts.

"Then we'll have buckskin, and I'll get a buckskin shirt out of it," suggested Wallace.

Injun Charley agreed. One day Wallace returned from fishing in the pool to find that the Indian had cut out the garment, and was already sewing it together.

"Oh," he cried, a little disappointed, "I wanted to see it done!"

Injun Charley merely grunted. To make a buckskin shirt requires the hides of three deer. Charley had supplied the other two, and wished to keep the young man from finding it out.

Wallace assumed the woods life as a man would assume an unaccustomed garment. It sat him well, and he learned fast, but he was always conscious of it. He liked to wear moccasins and a deer knife; he liked to cook his own supper, or pluck the fragrant hemlock browse for his pillow. Always he seemed to be trying to realize and to savor fully the charm, the picturesqueness, the romance of all that he was doing and seeing. To Thorpe these things were a part of every-day life, matters of expedient or necessity. He enjoyed them, but sub-consciously, as one enjoys an environment. Wallace trailed the cloak of his glories in frank admiration of their splendor.

This double point of view brought the men very close together. Thorpe liked the boy because he was open-hearted, free from affectation, assumptive of no superiority—in short, because he was direct and sincere, although in a manner totally different from Thorpe's own directness and sincerity. Wallace, on his part, adored in Thorpe the free, open-air life; the adventurous quality; the quiet, hidden power; the resourcefulness and self-sufficiency of the pioneer. He was too young as yet to go behind the picturesque or romantic; so he never thought to inquire of himself what Thorpe did there in the wilderness, or, indeed, if he did anything at all. He accepted Thorpe for what he felt him to be, rather than for what he might think him to be. Thus he reposed unbounded confidence in him.

After a while, observing the absolute ingenuousness of the boy, Thorpe used to take him from time to time on some of his daily trips in the pines. Necessarily he explained partially his position and the need of secrecy. Wallace was immensely excited and important at learning a secret of such moment, and deeply flattered at being entrusted with it.

Some may think that here, considering the magnitude of the interests involved, Thorpe committed an indiscretion. It may be; but if so, it was practically an inevitable indiscretion. Strong, reticent characters like Thorpe's prove the need from time to time of violating their own natures, of running counter to their ordinary habits of mind and deed. It is a necessary relaxation of the strenuous, a debauch of the soul. Its analogy on the lower plane is to be found in the dissipations of men of genius, or still lower, in the orgies of fighters out of training. Sooner or later Thorpe was sure to emerge for a brief space from that iron-bound silence of the spirit, of which he himself was the least aware. It was not so much a hunger for affection, as the desire

of a strong man temporarily to get away from his strength. Wallace Carpenter became in his case the exception to prove the rule.

Little by little the eager questionings of the youth extracted a full statement of the situation. He learned of the timber thieves up the river, of their present operations and their probable plans, of the valuable pine lying still unclaimed, of Thorpe's stealthy raid into the enemy's country. It looked big to him—epic! These were tremendous forces in motion. Here was intrigue; here was direct, practical application of the powers he had been playing with.

"Why, it's great! It's better than any book I ever read."

He wanted to know what he could do to help.

"Nothing, except keep quiet," replied Thorpe, already uneasy, not lest the boy should prove unreliable, but lest his very eagerness to seem unconcerned should arouse suspicion. "You mustn't try to act any different. If the men from up-river come by, be just as cordial to them as you can, and don't act mysterious and important."

"All right," agreed Wallace, bubbling with excitement. "And then what do you do after you get the timber estimated?"

"I'll go south and try, quietly, to raise some money. That will be difficult, because, you see, people don't know me, and I am not in a position to let them look over the timber. Of course, it will be merely a question of my judgment. They can go themselves to the Land Office and pay their money. There won't be any chance of my making 'way with that. The investors will become possessed of certain 'descriptions' lying in this country, all right enough. The rub is, will they have enough confidence in me and my judgment to believe the timber to be what I represent it?"

"I see," commented Wallace, suddenly grave.

That evening Injun Charley went on with his canoe building. He melted together in a pot resin and pitch. The proportion he determined by experiment, for the mixture had to be neither hard enough to crack nor soft enough to melt in the sun. Then he daubed the mess carefully over all the seams. Wallace superintended the operation for a time in silence.

"Harry," he said suddenly, with a crisp decision new to his voice, "will you take a little walk with me down by the dam? I want to talk with you."

They strolled to the edge of the bank and stood for a moment looking at the swirling waters.

"I want you to tell me all about logging," began Wallace. "Start from the very first. Suppose, for instance, you had bought this pine here we were talking about, what would be your first move?"

They sat side by side on a log, and Thorpe explained. He told of the building of the camps; the making of the roads; the cutting, swamping, travoying, skidding; the banking and driving. Unconsciously a little of the battle clang crept into his narrative. It became a struggle, a gasping tug and heave for supremacy between the man and the wilderness. The excitement of war was in it. When he had finished, Wallace drew a deep breath.

"When I am home," said he simply, "I live in a big house on the Lake Shore Drive. It is heated by steam and lighted with electricity. I touch a button or turn a screw, and at once I am lighted and warmed. At certain hours meals are served me. I don't know how they are cooked or where the materials come from. Since leaving college I have spent a little time down town every day, and then I've played golf or tennis, or ridden a horse in the park. The only real thing left is the sailing. The wind blows just as hard and the waves mount just as high to-day as they did when Drake sailed. All the rest is tame. We do little imitations of the real thing, with blue ribbons tied to them, and think we are camping or roughing it. This life of yours is glorious, is vital; it means something in the march of the world, and I doubt whether ours does. You are subduing the wilderness, extending the frontier. After you will come the backwoods farmer to pull up the stumps, and after him the big farmer and the cities."

The young fellow spoke with unexpected swiftness and earnestness. Thorpe looked at him in surprise.

"I know what you are thinking," said the boy, flushing. "You are surprised that I can be in earnest about anything. I'm out of school up here. Let me shout and play with the rest of the children."

Thorpe watched him with sympathetic eyes, but with lips that obstinately refused to say one word. A woman would have felt rebuffed. The boy's admiration, however, rested on the foundation of the more manly qualities he had already seen in his friend. Perhaps this very aloofness, this very silent, steady-eyed power appealed to him.

"'I DO NOT CARE FOR YOUR NAME.'"

"I left college at nineteen because my father died," said he; "I am now just twenty-one. A large estate descended to me, and I have had to care for its investments all alone. I have one sister, that is all."

"So have I," cried Thorpe, and stopped.

"The estates have not suffered," went on the boy simply. "I have done well with them. But," he cried fiercely, "I *hate* it! It is petty and mean and worrying and nagging! That's why I was so glad to get out in the woods."

He paused.

"Have some tobacco," said Thorpe.

Wallace accepted with a nod.

"Now, Harry, I have a proposal to make to you. It is this: You need thirty thousand dollars to buy your land. Let me supply it, and come in as half partner."

An expression of doubt crossed the land-looker's face.

"Oh, *please!*" cried the boy. "I do want to get in something real. It will be the making of me."

"Now, see here," interposed Thorpe suddenly, "you don't even know my name."

"I know *you*," replied the boy.

"My name is Harry Thorpe," pursued the other. "My father was Henry Thorpe, an embezzler."

"Harry," replied Wallace soberly, "I am sorry I made you say that. I do not care for your name—except perhaps to put it on the articles of partnership—and I have no concern with your ancestry. I tell you, it is a favor to let me in on this deal. I don't know anything about lumbering, but I've got eyes. I can see that big timber standing up thick and tall, and I know people make profits in the business. It isn't a question of the raw material, surely, and you have experience."

"Not so much as you think," interposed Thorpe.

"There remains," went on Wallace without attention to Thorpe's remark, "only the question of——"

"My honesty," interjected Thorpe grimly.

"No," cried the boy hotly; "of your letting me in on a good thing."

Thorpe considered a few moments in silence.

"Wallace," he said gravely at last, "I honestly do think that whoever goes into this deal with me will make money. Of course, there's always chances against it. But I am going to do my best. I've seen other men fail at it, and the reason they've failed is because they did not demand success of others and of themselves. That's it, success! When a general commanding troops receives a report on something he's ordered done, he does not trouble himself with excuses; he merely asks whether or not the thing was accomplished. Difficulties don't count. It is a soldier's duty to perform the impossible. Well, that's the way it ought to be with us. A man has no right to come to me and say, 'I failed because such and such things happened.' Either he should succeed in spite of it all, or he should step up and take his medicine without whining. Well, I'm going to succeed."

The man's accustomed aloofness had gone. His eye flashed, his brow frowned, the muscles of his cheeks contracted under his beard. In the bronze light of evening he looked like a fire-breathing statue to that great ruthless god he had himself invoked—Success.

Wallace gazed at him with fascinated admiration.

"Then you will?" he asked tremulously.

"Wallace," he replied again, "they'll say you have been made the victim of an adventurer; but the result will prove them wrong. If I weren't perfectly sure of this I wouldn't think of it, for I like you; and I know you want to go into this more out of friendship for me and because your imagination is touched than from any business sense. But I'll accept gladly. And I'll do my best."

Thorpe turned.

"Hooray!" cried the boy, throwing his cap up in the air. "We'll do 'em up in the first round."

At last, when Wallace Carpenter reluctantly quitted his friends on the Ossawinamakee, he insisted on leaving with them a variety of the things he had brought.

"I'm through with them," said he. "Next time I come up here, we'll have a camp of our own, won't we, Harry? And I do feel that I am awfully in you fellows' debt. You've given me the best time I ever had in my life, and you've refused payment for the moccasins and things you've made for me. I'd feel much better if you'd accept them, just as keepsakes."

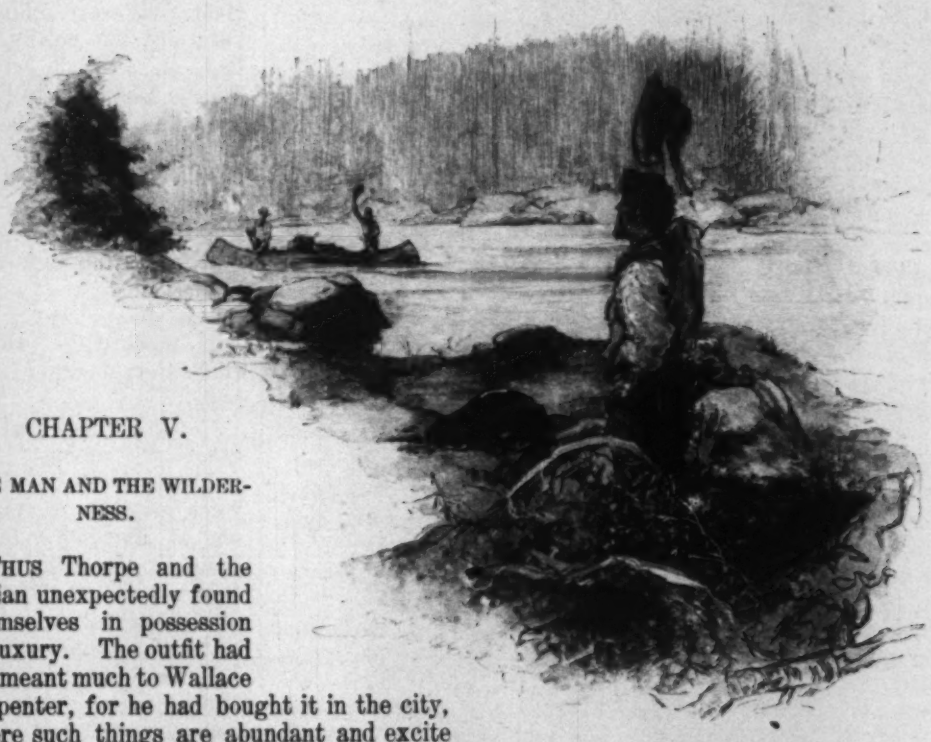
"All right, Wallace," replied Thorpe. "And much obliged."

"Don't forget to come straight to me when you get through estimating, now, will you? Come to the house and stay. Our compact holds now, honest Injun, doesn't it?" asked the boy anxiously.

"Honest Injun," laughed Thorpe. "Good-by."

The little canoe shot away down the current. The last Injun Charley and Thorpe saw of the boy was as he turned the corner. His hat was off and waving in his hand, his curls were blowing in the breeze, his eyes sparkled with bright good-will, and his lips parted in a cheery halloo of farewell.

"Him nice boy," repeated Injun Charley, turning to his canoe.



"'Good-by.'"

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN AND THE WILDERNESS.

THUS Thorpe and the Indian unexpectedly found themselves in possession of luxury. The outfit had not meant much to Wallace Carpenter, for he had bought it in the city, where such things are abundant and excite no remark; but to the woodsmen each article possessed a separate and particular value. The tent, an iron kettle, a side of bacon, oatmeal, tea, matches, sugar, some canned goods, a box of hardtack—these, in the woods, represented wealth. Wallace's rifle chambered the .38 Winchester cartridge, which was unfortunate, for Thorpe's .44 had barely a magazineful left.

The two men settled again into their customary way of life. Things went much as before, except that the flies and mosquitoes became thick. To men as hardened as Thorpe and the Indian these pests were not so formidable as they would have been to any one directly from the city, but they were sufficiently annoying. Thorpe's old tin pail was pressed into service as a smudge-kettle. Every evening about dusk, when the insects first began to emerge from the dark swamps, Charley would build a tiny smoky fire in the bottom of the pail, feeding it with peat, damp moss, punk maple, and other inflammable, but smoky, fuel. This censer, swung twice or thrice about the tent, effectually cleared it. Besides, both men early established on their cheeks an invulnerable glaze of a decoction of pine tar, oil, and a pungent herb. Toward the close of July, however, the insects began sensibly to diminish, both in numbers and persistency.

Up to the present Thorpe had enjoyed a clear field. Now two men came down from above and established a temporary camp in the woods half a mile below the dam. Thorpe soon satisfied himself that they were picking out a route for the logging road. Plenty of timber, which could be cut and travoyed directly to the banking ground, lay exactly along the bank of the stream, but every logger possessed of

"The two men were following the bed of a little creek."

a tract of timber tries each year to get in some that is easy to handle and some that is difficult. Thus the average of expense is maintained.

The two men, of course, did not bother themselves with the timber to be travoyed, but gave their entire attention to that lying farther back. Thorpe was enabled thus to avoid them entirely. He simply transferred his estimating to the forest by the stream. Once he met one of the men, but was fortunately in a country that lent itself to his pose of hunter. The other he did not see at all. But one day he heard him. The two up-river men were following carefully, but noisily, the bed of a little creek. Thorpe happened to be on the side hill, so he seated himself quietly until they should have moved on down. One of the men shouted to the other, who, crashing through a thicket, did not hear.

"Ho-o-o! *Dyer!*" the first repeated. "Here's that infernal corner; over here."

"Yop!" assented the other. "Coming!"

Thorpe recognized the voice instantly as that of one of Morrison & Daly's scalers. As Morrison & Daly were at that time the most powerful lumbermen of the Saginaw Valley, the incident brought to Thorpe more closely than ever a realization of the forces he, single-handed, was deliberately antagonizing.

Two days later he stumbled on their camp. He paused in wonder at what he saw. The packs lay open, their contents scattered in every direction. The fire had been hastily extinguished with a bucket of water, and a frying-pan lay where it had been overturned. If the thing had been possible, Thorpe would have guessed at a hasty and unpremeditated flight.

He was about to withdraw carefully lest he be discovered, when he was startled by a touch on his elbow. It was Injun Charley.

"Dey go up river," he said. "I come see what de row."

The Indian examined rapidly the condition of the little camp.

"Dey look for somethin'," said he, mak-

ing his hand revolve as though rummaging, and indicating the packs. "I t'ink dey see you in de woods," he concluded. "Dey go camp gettum boss. Boss he gone on river trail two, t'ree hour."

"You're right, Charley," replied Thorpe, who had been drawing his own conclusions. "One of them knows me. They've been looking in their packs for their note-books with the descriptions of these sections in them. Then they piked out for the boss. If I know anything at all, the boss'll make tracks for Detroit."

"W'ot you do?" asked Injun Charley curiously.

"I got to get to Detroit before they do; that's all."

Instantly the Indian became all action.

"You come," he ordered, and set out at a rapid pace for camp.

There, with incredible deftness, he packed together about twelve pounds of the jerked venison and a pair of blankets, thrust Thorpe's waterproof match-safe in his pocket, and turned eagerly to the young man.

"You come," he repeated.

Thorpe hastily unearthed his "descriptions" and wrapped them up. The Indian, in silence, rearranged the displaced articles in such a manner as to relieve the camp of its abandoned air.

It was nearly sundown. Without a word the two men struck off into the forest, the Indian in the lead. Their course was southeast, but Thorpe asked no questions. He followed blindly. Soon he found that if he did even that adequately, he would have little attention left for anything else. The Indian walked with long, swift strides, his knees always slightly bent even at the finish of the step, his back hollowed, his shoulders and head thrust forward. His gait had a queer sag in it, up and down in a long curve from one rise to the other. After a time Thorpe became fascinated in watching before him this easy, untiring lope, hour after hour, without the variation of a second's fraction in speed nor an inch in length. It was as though the Indian were made of steel springs. He never appeared to hurry, but neither did he ever rest.

At first Thorpe followed him with comparative ease, but at the end of three hours he was compelled to put forth decided efforts to keep pace. His walking was no longer mechanical, but conscious. When it becomes so, a man soon tires. Thorpe resented the inequalities, the stones, the roots, the patches of soft ground which lay in his way. He felt dully that they were not fair. He could negotiate the distance; but anything else was a gratuitous insult.

Then suddenly he gained his second wind. He felt better and stronger, and moved freer. For second wind is only to a very small degree a question of the breathing power. It is rather the response of the vital forces to a will that refuses to heed their first grumbling protests. Like dogs by the fire, they do their possible to convince their master that the limit of freshness is reached; but at last, under the whip, spring to their work.

At midnight Injun Charley called a halt. He spread his blanket, leaned on one elbow long enough to eat a strip of dried meat, and fell asleep. Thorpe imitated his example. Three hours later the Indian roused his companion. Then forward again, by the dim, intermitted light of the moon and stars, through the ghostly, haunted forest.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN.

By George W. Smalley.

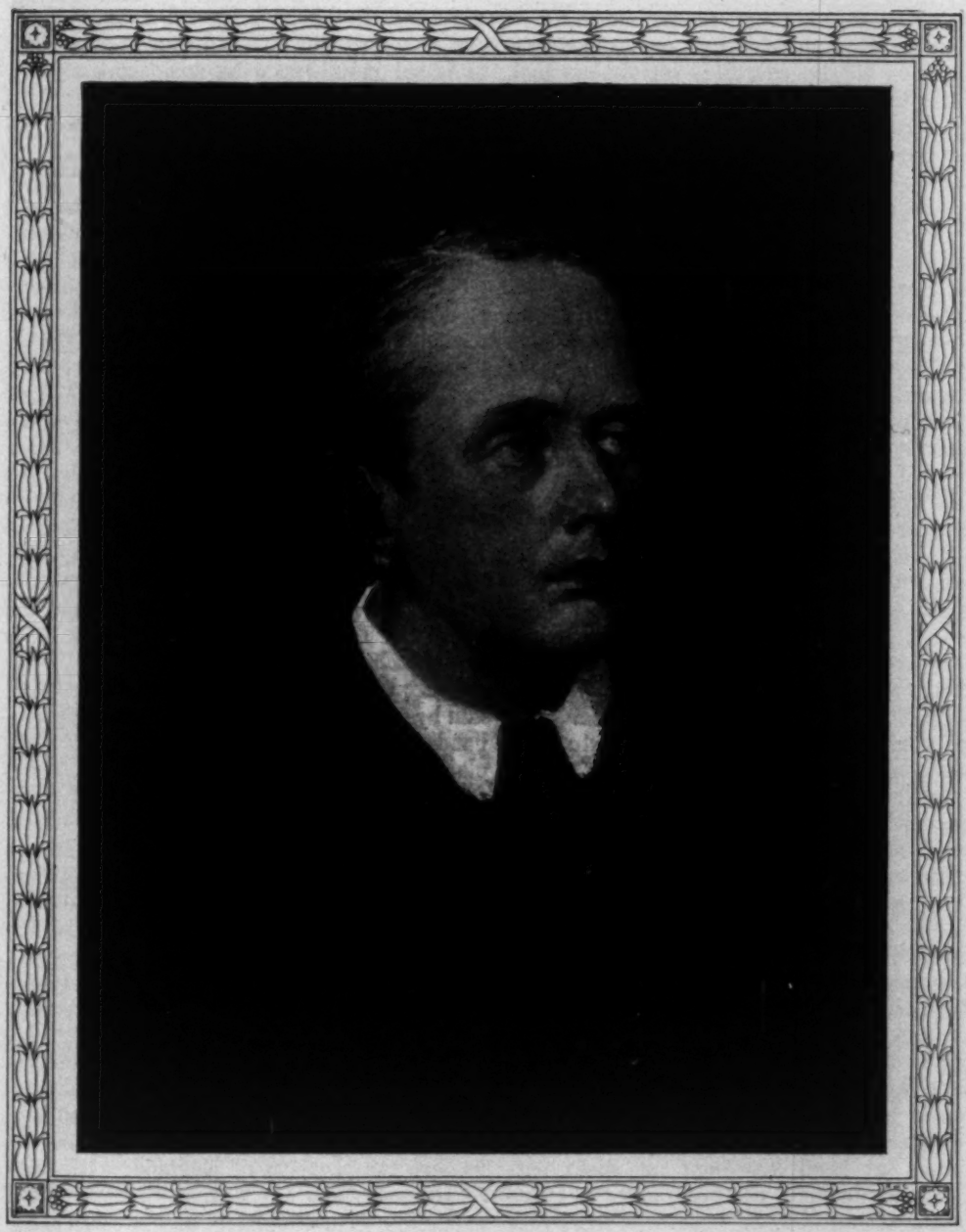
ENGLISH STATESMEN AND RULERS.

THERE are two men in the public life of England who, widely unlike as they are in most things, have one rare quality in common. They both have charm. The word is one not often applicable to mere men, but to both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour it is applicable. Both of them, of course, are very distinguished men of affairs and of politics, but personally they may be said to form a class by themselves.

THE SEVERAL LORD ROSEBERYS.

The world knows several Lord Roseberys, each of them interesting in his way, more than one of them remarkable, no one of them nor all of them together the real, complete man. The Foreign Minister whom the Queen pronounced a "heaven-born" minister—he, surely, is a considerable figure. The Prime Minister—any Prime Minister except that Lord Goderich whom Disraeli described as a transient and embarrassed phantom—is a considerable figure. The leader of a party, or even of what remained of a once liberal and still historical party, cannot but have a high political importance, even though the party has become a collection of dissevered and discordant groups, and though the leader has ceased to lead. There is a public to whom the Lord Rosebery who owns and breeds race-horses, who has won two Derbys, the Eclipse Stakes, and other momentous turf events, is greater than the great Foreign Minister. The Turf in England is almost a religion; it divides authority with the Church, and the important dates marking the times and seasons of the social world are half saints' days and half racing fixtures. If Lord Rosebery did not race, and did not win races, the glamour which hangs about his name would be less. A very different public thinks of him as the man of letters, the author of a Life of Pitt, which is a brief masterpiece of biography; and of a monograph on Napoleon, which is a critical inquiry into the sources of the St. Helena legend. Then there is the great landowner and landlord—the Lord of Dalmeny, and of Mentmore, the owner of the delightful Durdans and of a villa at Naples, the possessor of estates in Norfolk and of others beside Dalmeny in the Midlothians, including Rosebery, the property from which he takes his title. England is a country in which the great landlord, spite of all that has come and gone, spite of reform in politics and decay in agriculture, is still a kind of subordinate Providence to his tenants and to many beside his tenants. The Lord Rosebery who married the heiress-daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild would have to be enrolled, independently of his landed possessions, among the millionaires of the kingdom. No one will say that a millionaire, if he have millions enough, is not a person of consequence in English or any other modern society. To be a director of banks and of railways, and to be of kin to the Rothschilds, is of itself a position; and that also is Lord Rosebery's. To be an ornament of society, a leader of society when he chooses, a giver of dinners and balls in a splendid London house, and to entertain angels and others in great country houses would seem, and does seem, to many a man and woman, a privilege to be envied. There are others who would value his relations to royalty perhaps most highly of all. Lord Rosebery's relations with the Prince of Wales have long been intimate. Since George Third made the term *King's Friends* a term of obloquy, I will not apply it to Lord Rosebery. He is a friend to the King, not a *King's Friend*, and the King is a friend to him: they are both host and guest each to the other, from time to time.

With all this we don't seem to get much nearer to the real Lord Rosebery. We see only sides of his character and phases of his life. If, underneath, there were not a very powerful, original, and attractive individuality, we may be sure that all these phases would not coincide in the same person. If



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE F. WATTS, R.A., D.C.L., LL.D.

Photograph copyrighted by Frederick Hollyer.

we can discover the true nature of the man, he will explain all these things, though all these things do not explain him. He said of Mr. Gladstone that his life would have to be written by a limited liability company. Lord Rosebery has also an intellectual versatility which manifests itself in ways by no means identical, yet not perhaps inferior to his former chief's in flexibility and variety. How is such a nature to be summed up, or an inventory of its qualities compiled?

THE MAN BEHIND THE LEADER.

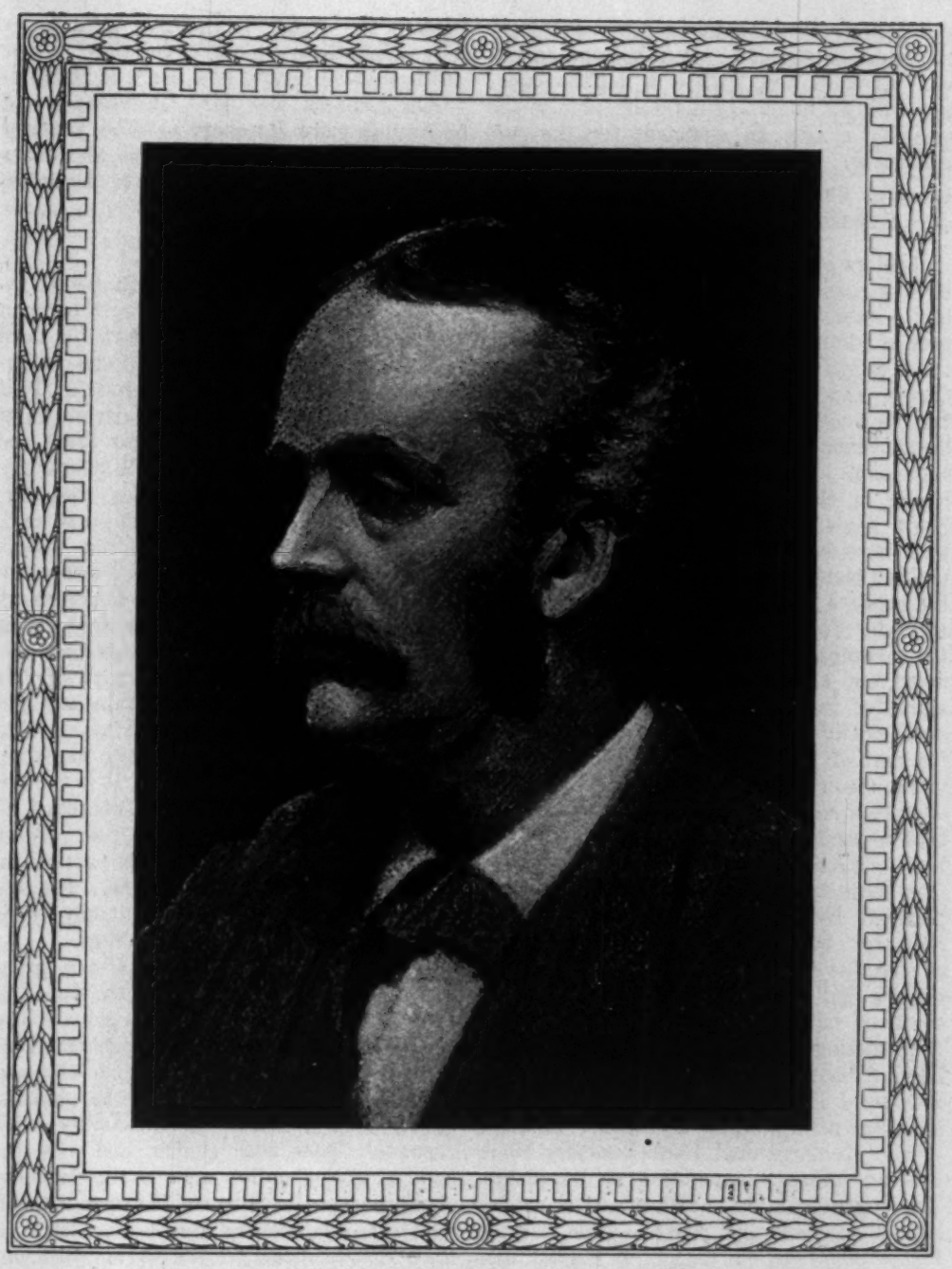
The elements of charm, the component parts of genius—who can define them? No

wonder Lord Rosebery, having both, is so often called a man of mystery. The mystery adds to the charm. Nobody can look on the face—familiar to the public by many photographs and known by sight perhaps to more people than any other in the kingdom except the King's—and think it an easy face to read. Behind the square, high, wide forehead which overhangs those clear-cut features, who knows what is going on? If you listen to his talk, are you sure that it expresses his full mind? The eyes have a far-away look. The sphinx, as Emerson says, broods on the world. No man has a greater talent for speaking and none a greater talent for silence. Both as party leader and orator it is his fault to see both sides, or all sides, of a question too clearly. The note of decision is therefore lacking, sometimes, in declarations or in manifestoes which ought to be final. Nothing ever cost a statesman dearer than the "predominant partner" phrase by which, in the House of Lords, he told Ireland that England had the deciding voice on all Irish questions. The withdrawal or explanation of the phrase a fortnight later shook public confidence. Men said, quite truly, he ought never to have used it or never to have withdrawn it. There is the key to his public character. He is a diplomatist rather than a natural leader. He is adroit, ingenious, fertile in devices, baffled by no perplexity, misled by no adversary, capable of surprises, capable of a great policy. He thinks long and hard; he exhausts a subject. His resemblance to Mr. Gladstone lies there, and there it stops. Mr. Gladstone also saw all sides, but he chose one, and, having once made up his mind, remained inaccessible thenceforward to evidence and argument. Not till he thought himself in danger of defeat did he reopen a matter he had once closed; nor always then. But Lord Rosebery has spent part of his very brilliant political career in building forts on which he presently displays a flag of truce. His detachment of mind is a political defect. To recover the authority he has renounced he needs but to simplify his politics. Whenever he can resolve to present a plain issue plainly to the "plain people" in whom Lincoln saw the arbiters of his country's fate, Lord Rosebery will be joyfully accepted as the deliverer.

A BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE LIFE.

Meantime he will remain the most attaching personage in private life. Lord Rosebery has a manner, a voice, an address, and an expression (when he drops the mask of bored indifference he sometimes wears), to which no other word than beautiful is adequate. Men and women find him sympathetic because of this true beauty of nature. Good manners are from the heart. Mentmore is a social magnet, not because of its art treasures and architectural or decorative splendors, but because of the welcome which awaits its guests. And Dalmeny House, standing in one of the loveliest of parks by the shores of the Firth of Forth, with its rebuilt castle on the terrace, crowded with books and relics, is known to half Scotland by the open-handed kindness of its owner and by its open door. Lord Rosebery, only the other day, took up what he well called the uncoveted post of disinterested and perhaps rather candid friend to his party and to the people of England. There is, said a critical weekly, but one person to whom such a position is possible, the *king*, and Lord Rosebery is not *king*. He is not; but when Mrs. Gladstone, in 1884, indicated her surprise at the greeting given him by an Edinburgh audience while her husband was on the platform, "What!" exclaimed a Scottish lady of high degree, "you didn't know that Rosebery is King of Scotland?"

Lord Rosebery's humor is one of the things that have made him and his oratory popular. It is humor of a kind so closely related to wit that one passes imperceptibly into the other, as do expressions on his face. Only the other day, upon a proposal in the House of Lords for an art commission to buy pictures for the nation, he gravely remarked that he could not think without a certain dismay of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues going through the Royal Academy, catalogue in hand, choosing out pictures to become the property of England. His public speeches sparkle with good things, but most of these are in print; and how are those not public to be repeated? His brief reply to the toast of the visitors at the luncheon given upon the opening of the Forth Bridge is not, I think, in any published collection. That bridge, one of the most useful and quite the most hideous structure in the world, starts from land which was his—part of the Dalmeny estate. "I know not," said Lord Rosebery, "why I am asked to respond to this toast, unless it be that I am the only man here who is *not* a visitor. The real visitor here is the bridge, and unhappily he has come to stay." The word unhappily



THE RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ELLIS ROBERTS.

Photograph copyrighted by William H. Grove, London.

sent, at first, a chill through the great company—some two hundred people—but presently the Prince of Wales laughed, and then everybody else laughed. The Republican who thinks servility or subservience an inevitable incident of loyalty may be invited to consider the attitude of the best of the King's subjects to the King. A perfect demeanor and a perfect independence are quite consistent one with the other. It is true of many of the best, and of Lord Rosebery among others. The Radical would have

you believe that a man's manner should be the same to all men. It is not and cannot be. Even in New York it is not the same, nor will the degree of deference due to the ordinary citizen be sufficient for the car-conductor. Before him we all bow.

ROSEBERY'S CULT FOR NAPOLEON.

Readers of the Napoleon monograph may have guessed that Lord Rosebery has long had a *culte* for the great Emperor. The note of admiring impartiality pierces through these pages. At Dalmeny, at Baynbougle Castle, and at the Durdans may be seen very rich collections of portraits, miniatures, busts, manuscripts, and personal relics of Napoleon. The famous portrait by David hangs in the music-room of Dalmeny. I don't know whether it has been observed that there is a striking resemblance between the two men—a resemblance in the shape of the massive head, the chiseled features, the attitude—for in both the head seems a little to overweight the body—in the look of command, in the penetrating glance, in the stamp of intellectual *hauteur* impressed on both, not in equal degree, but in both making part of that authority of manner which in Napoleon overpassed what is permissible even to a ruler, and in Lord Rosebery shows that a position of ascendency is natural to him. Of course I draw no parallel; to Napoleon there is no parallel. But note that the greatest European since Napoleon, Prince Bismarck, singled out Lord Rosebery as one of the few Englishmen in whom he recognized a real talent for great affairs. I can think of but two others whom the Prince thus distinguished—Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, unless Lord Odo Russell, afterward Lord Ampthill, long British Ambassador at Berlin, be a fourth. Between Prince Bismarck and Lord Rosebery there was an intimacy amounting to friendship. The Englishman was a visitor at Friedrichsruh, at Schoenhausen, and at Varzin, and the Prince could not but respect an English Minister who had made himself and his country respected abroad in a time so brief, and in succession to Mr. Gladstone, whose diplomacy was the scoff of Continental statesmen. Mr. Gladstone dominated the Foreign Office while Lord Granville was its tenant, and Lord Rosebery only accepted the post on condition that he was to have a free hand, as he did. Mr. Gladstone's recognition of his colleague's capacity was something sluggish and never complete. His political obligations to the owner of Dalmeny were never fully acknowledged; nor could they be, nor will it ever be known how much of the Midlothian success was Mr. Gladstone's and how much Lord Rosebery's. The younger man showed throughout, in this and other matters, an affectionate loyalty to the older.

HIS INTEREST IN AMERICA.

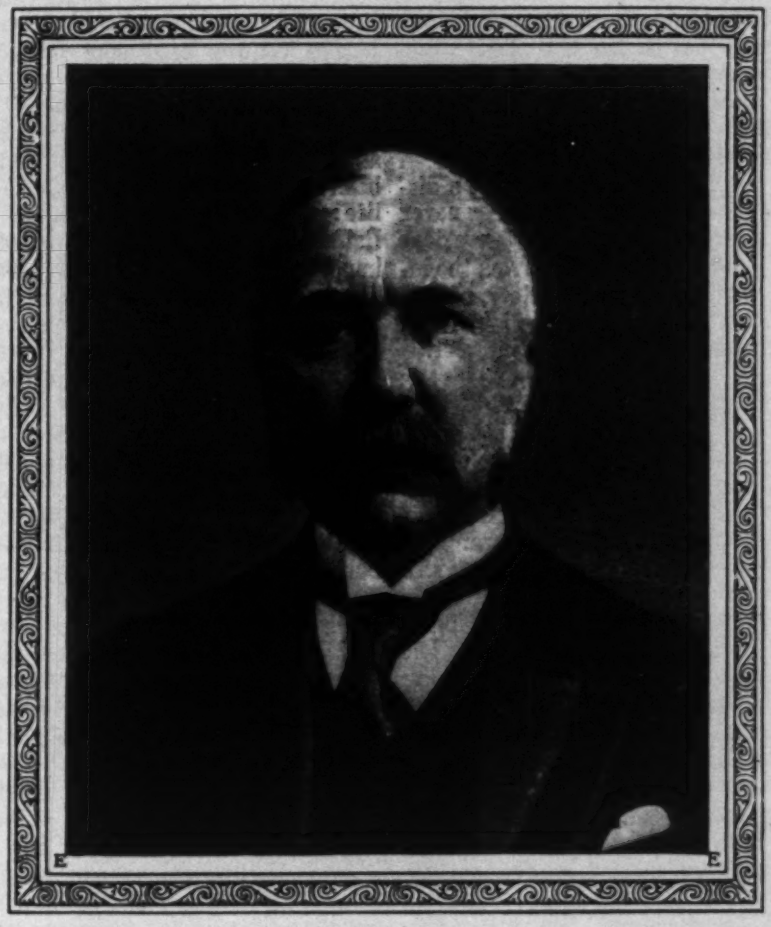
His interest in the United States is attested by the matchless full-length portrait of Washington, painted by Stuart for Lord Shelburne, which has the end of the dining-room in his London house to itself. That is but one evidence; many Americans know how he has shown his regard for them and for their country. Not that his sympathies are cosmopolitan in the sense that Mr. Gladstone's were, of whom it was said, unfairly, that a true cosmopolitan should consider the interests even of his own country. If Lord Rosebery be not before all things an Englishman, it is because he is first of all a Scot. But the greater includes the less; Scotland is but a part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and I should be disposed to say that her most brilliant and captivating son is before all things an Imperialist. It is the imperial note which rings clearest through all his recent speeches and manifestoes. There is no taint of diplomacy in his patriotism, any more than in his friendships. His loyalty to his friends is paralleled only by his loyalty to literature and to reading.

Lord Rosebery seems to charm a great audience by the same, or nearly the same, influences which are so potent in private life. He does lay a spell; there is a glamour about him; he can fascinate when he chooses. He can also be impatient when he chooses, having some of that abrupt irascibility which commonly goes with genius, and with the habit of giving orders and taking decisions binding upon others as well as upon himself. He treats his admiring lieges in Scotland, as they crowd about his carriage, with just that degree of disdain which endears him to them the more. In that he understands human nature, and not much more need be said of a man of whom that can be said. But I will add this, since there is a characteristic which, perhaps, needs emphasizing, inasmuch as the public never dwells too long on the literature of a statesman. Montesquieu said he had never had a chagrin which an hour of reading had not dispelled. Lord Rosebery, I imagine, might say the same thing.

ARTHUR BALFOUR, THE URBANE.

The Radical jester used to call Mr. Balfour the nephew of his uncle, not observing that the sneer at the nephew implied a tribute to the uncle, whom the Radical hated bitterly. Mr. Balfour in earlier days was almost as much a friend to Mr. Gladstone as to Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Gladstone to him. In the inner circle he used to be known as "Gladstone's pet boy." That was while the young Tory was a member of the *fourth party*, a party of free lances and of thorns in the side of the Conservative government. At that time few party leaders took Mr. Balfour seriously, or believed he would ever take politics seriously.

Mr. Balfour was known then, and is known now, as the idol of a certain company of men and women who leaped into immortality when they came to be known as the *Souls*. In the good sense of the word he was before all things a *dilettante*, a lover, before all things, of letters and of the arts. But long before he became Leader of the House he had held many posts and grew conversant with affairs. None the less, on his first entrance upon the difficult duties of this post, in 1891, it pleased his opponents to speak of him as an amateur. For a year they derided him as a failure, and again when he was leader of the opposition to Mr. Gladstone from 1892 to 1894. His return to power in 1895 disposed of all those cavils. The House has been better led, but never by a man whose intellectual gifts were more varied. He hates the drudgery. He comes in late and leaves early, and in the interval does not always take pains to hide his weariness of the whole business. Disraeli said that the secret of leading the House was to be always in your place and always attentive



THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.

Photograph by Bassano, London.

to the matter in hand. He acted upon that maxim, though one of the idlest of men by nature. Mr. Balfour does not. He relies upon his great moments. The Irish thought he was to be an easy victim. They found him more than their master in those arts of sarcasm and invective which they practise most assiduously. Still more was he their master by virtue of his good temper, and of kindly indifference to their stings. It may well enough be that he has not wholly overcome his dislike of mere politics, but in his conduct of great affairs or of a great debate there is no sign of carelessness. Perhaps not since Mr. Gladstone has there been any one in the House who can so lift a discussion into the upper air. Yet he has never forsaken those other subjects which are dear to him. He does not even shrink from the investigations of the Psychical Society, and he has been known to say that there is nothing in politics comparable to them in interest.

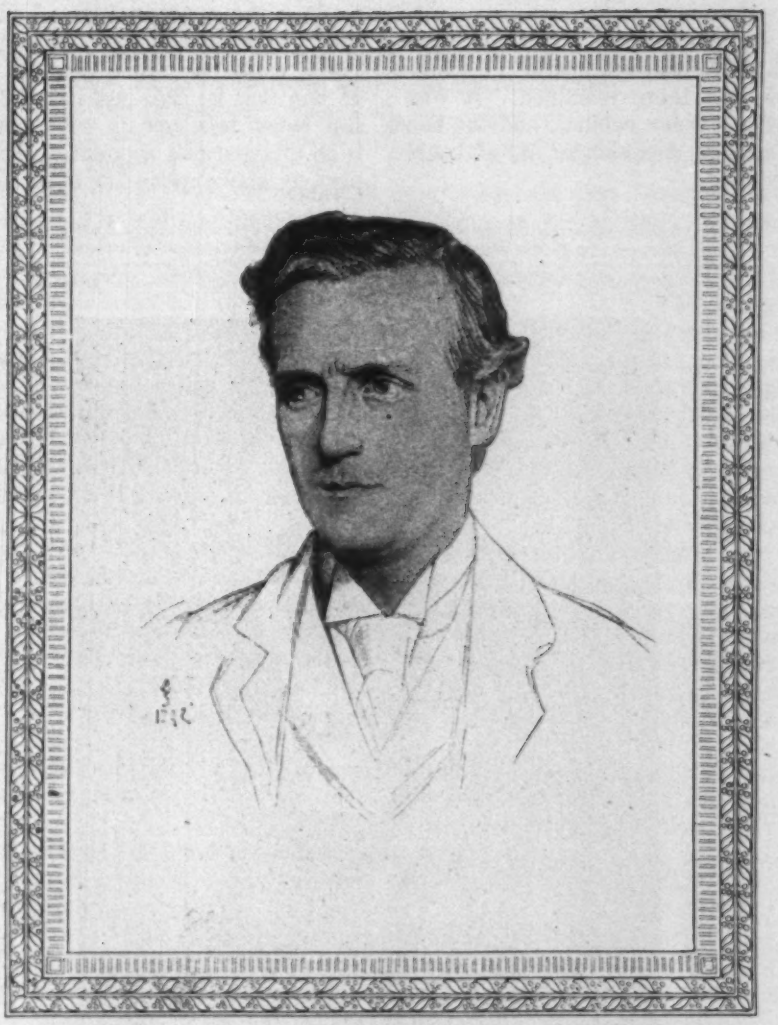
CARELESS EASE AND POWER.

Mr. Choate made a remark, at the dinner given him before leaving New York to take up his post as Ambassador at the Court of St. James, which fits in very well here. "I have had," he said, "a very fair measure of success in life, but I count myself in nothing more fortunate than in possessing a happy temperament." Mr. Balfour might say precisely the same thing. Is anything more valuable in public life? To a leader of the House of Commons, above all other men, it is invaluable. In few other posts is it so essential to suffer fools gladly. A fool in politics is, of course, one who is not wise enough to see that his opponent is wise. It has been said of an eminent ex-President that he regards those who differ from him as blasphemers. Not so Mr. Balfour. In the House, as in private life, he has urbanity. He conciliates, and conciliation, like compromise, is of the essence of politics. I don't wish to dwell on the political side, but it is in this contentious sphere that Mr. Balfour's personal charm is of such singular efficacy. The House cannot be led by violent methods. Great leaders have sometimes employed them. Mr. Gladstone did, and Lord Randolph Churchill did, but only at moments. Mr. Balfour knows how to be firm, and to insist that the House shall do its work, but if he coerces, as a leader sometimes must, his tone is never arbitrary. One of the Irish irreconcilables said of him that they wanted to dislike him, and of course ought to dislike him, but could not. He angers them by the retort courteous to which the countercheck quarrelsome is but an impotent defense. But Irish anger easily melts.

Sweetness and light, there are no two words which better describe Mr. Balfour. That repose of manner and that amiability of countenance which go with them easily mislead the unwary. They think him indolent, and they find, to their surprise, that no Leader has ever used more drastic measures for the expedition of Parliamentary business. If obstruction has reared its head this session higher than even in the days of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, and hissed louder, it has been crushed more decisively. So in private life: any one who should infer from Mr. Balfour's easy manner that he would endure imposition would soon pay for his mistake. True, the stamp of reflection rather than of action is on his face, of which the features are not all energetic nor the expression that of command. The problems of life are more to him than the problems of politics. The world looks to him a pleasant place to live in, and he touches life on many sides. If he cares for art, he cares more for nature; the outdoor world is the largest world, where he breathes freest. Everybody knows that Mr. Balfour plays golf, plays it with enthusiasm. Not everybody knows that he is a bicyclist, and has lately taken to the motor car. He may be seen in the thronged and difficult streets of London, if not guiding his own car, yet as a passenger. In his automobile, as in the House, he never doubts that things will come right, and they do. The Universe has never seemed to him the child of chaos nor the creature of chance. His book on "The Foundations of Belief" is the more or less philosophical expression of a devout nature. Huxley thought it brought nothing new to the discussion; admitting, at the same time, that it was a fine piece of literature. His oratory has become, by much practice, admirable, and his use of it in debate is now that of the expert. But I doubt whether in conversation he is not more admirable still. There he is not inflexible, but flexible; he has the play of mind which Arnold thought his countrymen commonly lacked; he has ease and power at the same time. And he has that without which none of these gifts or traits would seem at their best—he has distinction.

BRITISH CABINET MEETING ON AMERICAN SOIL.

Mr. Balfour is one of the "inner cabinet," and the "inner cabinet," it may be worth



H. H. ASQUITH.

FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY.

noting, has become an indispensable part of the Cabinet system since the number of the Cabinet has been so largely increased. It used not to exceed twelve. It now consists of nineteen, and may probably again be reduced. There is no fixed limit; the Prime Minister for the time being determines the composition of the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone's first Cabinet, in 1868, was of twelve; his last, in 1892, of seventeen. The present inner cabinet is supposed to include, beside Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Lansdowne. For different purposes different members may be called in. A British Cabinet council held on American soil may be called unique, but it has occurred. The American Ambassador gave a dinner to ex-President Harrison as he passed through London two years ago, on his return from his expedition to Paris as counsel for Venezuela. There assembled at Mr. Choate's one of the most remarkable companies ever gathered beneath a single roof in London, "the most remarkable I ever saw," said one of the most distinguished of the guests. Among others were Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Wolseley, then Adjutant-General of the British army, and as such often called in consultation on military questions. These four after dinner, and after many others had departed, stood in a group in the broad hall between the head of the stairs and the door of the drawing-room they had just quitted. So evidently were they conferring on high matters that every

one else drew away, and the four were left standing by themselves. Presently they walked on to the music-room in the front of the house, and there remained. It was a council of the inner cabinet, and the house of the American Ambassador is, of course, American soil.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

Photograph by Barnett & Arnold, London, S.W.

"PRINCE ARTHUR" RUINED AND UNAWARE.

"Prince Arthur" is the name bestowed on Mr. Balfour long ago—I know not by whom—Mr. Lucy, perhaps, who often uses it in his clever "Essence of Parliament," in "Punch." "Why Prince Arthur?" queried a Liberal, wrathfully, who obtained no answer. Mr. Choate at the Tenniel dinner gently reproached Mr. Balfour for not reading the newspapers, and his denial of that grave charge was not very emphatic. There might be worse offenses. They say of him that he does not care for anecdote, and never tells one in conversation, which is an exaggerated account. If it be true in part, it may explain the other fact, that he is not the hero of many anecdotes. Such adventures as he has had are mostly in the world of thought, where his courage leads him far. His philosophy serves him well in private life. It is known in London that his Scottish estate was much enlarged by a purchase of agricultural land shortly before the time when agriculture in Great Britain ceased to return a business profit on the capital invested, and when rents, therefore,

and the income of the landed classes fell. Mr. Balfour's comment on his own case was such as few other men would have made. "They tell me," he remarked, "that I am ruined; but if I am ruined, I should not have known it unless I had been told. I have everything in life I care for exactly as I had before." The well-known treasures of art, including the four masterpieces of Burne-Jones, are still Mr. Balfour's, and Whittingame opens its doors as hospitably as ever.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

What I wish to say of Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery's rival, or once rival, for the Liberal leadership, I must reserve. The two could not be comfortable together. So instead of Sir William, a Parliamentarian of the first order, let me take Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is of the second. He is, at any rate, the present nominal leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. He may, perhaps, lead, but they do not follow; the sheep obey not the voice of the shepherd. It is partly the fault of the sheep and partly that of the shepherd. The name of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman comes but faintly along the cable, and seems dim, or almost ghostly, before it reaches American ears. Yet he is a substantial Scotchman in the flesh, and whatever he may be as leader has a personal popularity which somehow survives all political mishaps. The House may laugh at him when he expounds the advantages of sitting on the fence, or performs the impossible feat of getting down on both sides at once. He seems none the worse for that singular exploit in political gymnastics; his authority does not appear to be diminished; perhaps it would be hard to diminish what hardly exists. He smiles as cheerfully as ever; his good nature, sorely tried, which used to seem imperturbable, gives way now and then in the stress and storm of these novel circumstances. It was his habit in the days of Home Rule to put his political conscience in Mr. Gladstone's keeping. It was not a good training for the business of conscience-keeper to others. I cannot but remember—he will forgive me if I refer to it—Sir Henry's look of pained and perplexed astonishment when he was told, in those days when Home Rule still seemed to the sanguine Gladstonian a political possibility, that it could never be. "Never?" queried Sir Henry. "Never," was the answer; and the suggestion that there was a limit to the possibilities of Mr. Gladstone's political legerdemain had obviously for his follower the interest of entire novelty. Let that pass as characteristic.

A LEADER FOR MEN WHO WON'T FOLLOW.

It was not then Sir Henry's way to think things out for himself. It is not now. As Minister of War he was much in the hands of the Permanent Clerks who bear sway in Pall Mall. Most War Ministers are, but Sir Henry was clever enough, or his friends were, to let it be understood that certain reforms in administration were his own work. Perhaps they were. His friends like best to think of him as the Scotch laird. In his own county, or perhaps section of a county, a Scotch laird seems a part of the universal scheme of things. So he does in Grosvenor Place, looking from the windows of a fine mansion over the King's private grounds of Buckingham Palace. A kindly gentleman when not too much exasperated by mutinous subjects, or too mercilessly ridiculed by opponents. He has real abilities which would be of use in some other post—nay, they are of use now, for it is of the essence of Liberal leadership at present that it should not lead, and probably no better incumbent could be found for such a position than the amiable opportunist whom his friends are wont to call, too familiarly, "C. B."

MR. ASQUITH, THE ERECT.

Of quite another type is another Liberal whose name is often mentioned as that of a future Liberal chief, Mr. Asquith. He is, I believe, the only man whom Mr. Galdstone ever made Cabinet Minister without any preliminary departmental experience. Mr. Asquith stepped from the ranks into the Home Office. There is no more difficult post—none in which pitfalls for unwary feet are more numerous. But Mr. Gladstone had made no mistake. Mr. Asquith was never deficient in caution nor yet in native shrewdness. Legal, if not departmental, experience had fitted him for this new work. He has a trained intellect, and he is without the narrowness which made Burke say that the law is not apt to open or to liberalize the mind. His reputation in the House has been made mainly by set speeches—very strong, clear, convincing speeches. He might, if he would, stand alone; he has that stiffness of fiber, intellectual and individual, which fits a man for standing alone. He naturally likes the erect position.

Much as Mr. Asquith has achieved at the bar and in the House and on the platform, the exploit of his which most interested people was his marriage to Miss Margot Tennant—a young lady who for some years never failed to provide London society with topics of animated conversation. If American women have added much to the sparkle and originality of social life abroad, they have added little to the example this accomplished and brilliant woman set them. His marriage gave Mr. Asquith a new hold on this world, which he has kept. Grave, immersed in affairs, with the double burden of politics and law, each a jealous mistress, to bear, he nevertheless took his new place easily, and has filled it. No man ever questioned his uprightness, few audiences ever proved obdurate to his eloquence; and whenever the party to which he belongs in the House really wants to be led, they will be likely to ask Mr. Asquith to lead them. But it will be on condition that they are prepared to follow. There cannot well be two "C. B.'s" in succession, and if there could it is quite certain that Mr. Asquith would not be one of them.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

All these men are young as youth is reckoned in English political life, all hovering about the fifties; though "C. B." may be nearer the next decade. But there are men of rapidly growing distinction still in the early forties, or before them. Sir Edward Grey is one. No man of his years has won such a fame for sound judgment as well as for political and diplomatic capacity. If you meet him, you will see why. You will see, at any rate, a man who looks younger than he is, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, composed, with an air of polite expectation, as if desirous, not to deliver his own opinion, but to hear yours. There is no suggestion of eagerness; he can endure life even if you do not deliver your opinion, and endure it equally well without delivering his to you. You get an impression of a man playing his appointed part—knowing that it is appointed; knowing his part also, playing the game for what it is worth and always with a strict adherence to the rules. He looks out tranquilly upon the world, and it is because of this tranquillity that he is capable of seeing things as they are. He would judge an enemy as coolly as a friend; and of a friend also he is capable of criticism. He has been known, and is still known, as a friend to Lord Rosebery; he belonged, like Mr. Asquith, to the Rosebery wing of the Liberal party, and not to the Harcourt wing. But when Lord Rosebery issued the manifesto and made the speech, only the other day, which seemed to accept the divisions and impotence of the party as likely to endure for the present, Sir Edward Grey declined to follow him. He publicly dissented from his chief's view, and he came very near to rebuking him for renouncing it. Again I say, that is characteristic both of Englishmen and of English public life. Independence and individuality before all things. Opinions differ, the expression of them differs; friendships remain the same.

Whether as statesman or diplomatist, Sir Edward Grey is of one fiber—neither overzealous nor impatient. Perhaps an intellectual suavity distinguishes him as much as anything; the word applies throughout. It is a face on which you trace the procession of thoughts, not of passions. An accident may throw light on character. From one of the most critical of recent party divisions in the House of Commons Sir Edward Grey was absent. He had gone a-fishing. Foreign Minister certainly, Prime Minister perhaps—such is the forecast of Sir Edward Grey's friends, and of those, whether friends or not, who know his patient steadfastness of character and his singular aptitude for public business. He makes friends readily, by which I mean that those who come to know him are predisposed to like him. He is sympathetic, even though the distance between him and you may not appreciably lessen. In all politics, in all life, in English as well as others, this balance of mind is rare. The man who has it may offend or alienate those other men whose standard of judgment is purely emotional. But it is not easy to conceive of Sir Edward Grey as offending or alienating those who meet him in private. Whether he attracts more sympathies than he bestows may be a question, but that he attracts them there is no question. And in any estimate of personal forces he has to be taken into account.

TELEGRAPH TALK AND TALKERS.

HUMAN CHARACTER AND EMOTIONS AN OLD TELEGRAPHER READS ON THE WIRE.

By L. C. Hall.

CROSS the threshold of the operating department of a metropolitan telegraph office, and you pass into a wonderland where much is done that might well excite astonishment if the vernacular in which it is transacted were set down in comprehensible phrase. Here men talk of megohms and microfarads and milliampères; you carelessly touch a bit of brass and are stung by an invisible imp; you see a man gazing fixedly at an impertinent little instrument, toying idly the while at a rubber button, and the brass instrument having clattered back, you see him laugh idiotically for no reason whatever.

For "telegraphese" *is* a living, palpitating language. It is a curious kind of Volapuk, a universal tongue, spoken through the finger tips and in most cases read by ear.

In its written form telegraphese, or "Morse," as it is called in the vernacular, is rarely seen. Yet as a vehicle of expression it is, to the initiated, as harmonious, subtle, and fascinating as the language of music itself.

Nothing could be simpler than its alphabet of dots and dashes. Yet it has come to pass that out of the manner of rendering this simple code has been evolved a means of communicating thought and feeling rivaling in flexibility and scope the human voice.

A great hall was filled one night with people—mostly telegraphers and their friends. On the stage were a dozen men, a few tables upon which were sets of shining telegraph instruments, and a number of typewriting machines of different patterns. The occasion was a "fast-sending tournament," held to establish records in rapid transmission.

CHARACTER READ BY DOTS AND DASHES.

One by one the contestants stepped to the test table, and manipulated the key. There was a tense stillness throughout the hall, broken when "time" was called by a trill of metallic pulsations read by most of the audience as from a printed page. The text of the matter is of no concern, an excerpt from a great speech, a page of blank verse, or only the "conditions" found at the top of a telegraph form. Speed and accuracy alone are vital. Forty, forty-five, fifty words a minute are rattled off—seven hundred and fifty motions of the wrist—and still the limit is not reached. The contestants show the same evidences of strain that characterize the most strenuous physical contest—the dilating nostril, the quick or suspended breathing, the starting eye.

Presently a fair-haired young man takes the chair, self-confidence and reserve force in every gesture. Away he goes, and his transmission is as swift and pure as a mountain stream. "To guard against mistakes and delays, the sender of a message should order it repeated back." The audience, enthralled, forgets the speed, and hearkens only to the beauty of the sending. On and on fly the dots and dashes, and though it is clear that his pace is not up to that set by the leaders, nevertheless there is a finish—an indefinable quality of perfection—in the performance that at the end brings the multitude to its feet in a spontaneous burst of applause; such an outburst as might have greeted a great piece of oratory or acting.

A REBEL BETRAYED BY HIS SOUTHERN ACCENT.

A telegrapher's Morse, then, is as distinctive as his face, his tones, or his handwriting; and as difficult to counterfeit as his voice or writing. Of this individual quality of telegraphese, the old war telegraphers tell many stories. A Confederate, for example, encounters on the march a line of wire which he suspects is being used by the enemy. He taps the wire, "cuts in" his instruments, and listens. His surmise is correct; he "grounds off" one or the other end, and, trying to disguise his style of

"sending," makes inquiries calculated to develop important information. But the Southern accent is recognized in his Morse by the distant manipulator, who, indeed, may have been a co-worker in the days "before the war." So the intruder gets only a good-humored chaffing. "The trick won't work, Jim," says the Federal operator. "Let's shake for old times' sake, and then you 'git' out of this."

In the wire-world a telegrapher is known by his "sign"—it may be the letter X or Q or &. Now there is certainly nothing in a mere letter to warm up to, or the reverse; and yet, after a day or two of this wire acquaintance with a man whom one has never seen, and whose name one does not know—a conversation, mind you, not of your own, but of exchanging other persons' telegrams—one gets an idea of the other's personality as distinct as if there had been personal intercourse; one feels friendly toward him, or dislikes him. And one's own feeling toward him is probably shared by every one who has had this wire contact with him. X or Q or & may thus stand for a distinct personality in the telegraph world, in the same sense that the name Thackeray or Longfellow stands for an individuality in the literary world.

A LAUGH ON THE WIRE.

Expressed in print a laugh is a bald "ha ha!" that requires other words to describe its quality. In wire-talk the same form is used, but the manner of rendering it imparts quality to the laughter. In dot-and-dash converse, as in speech, "ha! ha!" may give an impression of mirthlessness, of mild amusement, or of convulsion. The double "i," again, in wire parlance, has a wide range of meaning according to its rendition. A few double "i's" are used as a prelude to a conversation, as well as to break the abruptness in ending it. They are also made to express doubt or acquiescence; and in any hesitation for a word or phrase are used to preserve the continuity of a divided sentence. When an order is given in Morse over the wire, the operator's acknowledgment is a ringing "i—i!" which has the same significance as a sailor's "aye, aye, sir!"

The man would be put a poor observer of little things who, after "working a wire" with a stranger at "the other end" for a week, could not give a correct idea of his distant *vis-a-vis*' disposition and character. And it would be quite possible for an imaginative operator to build up a fairly accurate mental image of him—whether he ate with his knife, or wore his hat cocked on the side of his head, or talked loud in public places.

A FRIENDSHIP FORMED BY WIRE.

Some years ago, in a Southern office, I was assigned to a "circuit" which had its terminus at the national capital. My fellow operator at the other end of the wire used the letters "C G" for his wire-signature. C G's Morse was so clear, even, and rhythmic, his dots and dashes so perfectly timed and accurately spaced, that I immediately conceived a cordial liking for him. In a short time this liking, to which he heartily responded, ripened into a strong and sincere attachment. My friend's distinct though delicate wire-touch made working with him exceedingly restful. Indeed, every day for months I "received" from him without perceptible fatigue, or the necessity of "breaking." Almost from the beginning of our acquaintanceship I fancied that I should know him at sight if I chanced to meet him. I pictured him a tall, frail man, with the refined and patient manner of one who has suffered much, his features delicately molded, his eyes of the kind that kindle quickly when lighted by a smile, and his mouth ready to apply the torch whenever his sense of humor prompted. I fancied that I should know his dress—the old-fashioned collar; the small white tie; the thin, rather long, black sack coat.

Some months after our first meeting by wire, I was called to Washington, and while there I visited the big operating-room of the main office, in order to greet the many friends of other days. As I made my way about, I kept a sharp lookout for my old wire-friend. I did not ask to have him pointed out, because I wished to see if it were possible to identify him by my mental photograph. Presently I spied him, just as I had pictured him. I stood beside him for a moment; then, touching his shoulder, I held out my hand.

"How do you do, C G? I am very glad to see you and to have the pleasure of shaking your hand."

Though he was a much older man than I, there was no lack of respect in my words, for it is not uncommen for one telegrapher to address another by his "sign."

C G rose with a quiet dignity, and taking my hand looked down at me over his glasses, his eyes beaming.

"It's H, is it not? I am very glad to meet you, my son!" And then we fell to chatting, face to face, as we had so often done by wire.

I never met him again in the flesh. A few months after my Washington visit I missed him from my wire. In response to an inquiry I was told that my dear old friend had been seriously injured in a cable-car accident, and that being alone in the world he had been taken to a hospital for treatment. There he lingered a while, at times half-conscious; then his gentle spirit went out.

I made another trip to Washington, to attend his funeral; afterward making a visit to the hospital to hear from the head nurse the story of his injury and death.

"Late in the evening," said the good woman as our interview was ending, "I was called into his room. He was rapidly failing, and was talking as if in a dream, two fingers of his right hand tapping the bedclothes as if he were sending a message. I did not understand the purport, but perhaps you will. 'You say you can't read me?' he would say; 'then let H come to the key. He can read and understand me. Let H come there, please.' Now and again his fingers would cease moving, as if he were waiting for the right person to answer. Then he would go on once more: 'Dear me, dear me, this will never do! I want to talk with H. I have an important message for him. Please tell him to hurry.' Then would follow another pause, during which he would murmur to himself regretfully. But at last he suddenly assumed the manner of one listening intently; then, his face breaking into a smile, he cried, his fingers keeping time with his words: 'Is that you, H? I'm so glad you've come! I have a message for you.' And so, his fingers tapping out an unspoken message, his kindly spirit took its flight."

The nurse's eyes were brimming, and I gulped vainly at a lump in my throat. After a moment's silence she continued:

"But there was one feature of Mr. G——'s dying talk that particularly impressed me. While he tapped out his messages he spoke in a tense half-whisper, like one trying to project his voice through space. Between times, however, in communing with himself, he spoke in his natural tones. But I noticed that he glided from one tone to the other, quite as a linguist would in conversing with two persons of different nationalities."

The head nurse in a hospital had stumbled upon a discovery which up to this time remains a sealed book to the linguistic student.

A MISTAKE OF NATURE'S REVEALED.

A woman's Morse is as feminine as her voice or her handwriting. I have often put to the test my ability to distinguish between the Morse of a man and that of a woman, and only once have I been deceived.

On this same Washington "circuit" I one day encountered a sender at the other end, a stranger, who for hours "roasted" me as I seldom had been in my telegraphic experience. The dots and dashes poured from the sounder in a bewildering torrent, and I had the hardest kind of work to keep up in copying. With all its fearful swiftness the Morse was clean-clipped and musical, though it had a harsh, staccato ring which indicated a lack of sentiment and feeling in the transmitter. From this, and from a certain dash and swagger, I gathered, before the day was out, a pretty distinct impression of the personality of the transmitter. I conceived him to be of a well-kept, aggressively clean appearance, with a shining red complexion and close-cropped hair; one, in brief, whose whole manner and make-up bespoke the self-satisfied sport. That he wore a diamond in his loudly striped shirt-front I considered extremely likely, and that he carried a tooth-pick between his lips was morally certain.

Next day I took occasion to make some inquiries of my fellow-operator at Washington.

"Oh, you mean T Y," he said, laughing. "Yes, for a girl, she is a fly sender."

It was mortifying to find that I had mistaken the sex of the sender, but I was consoled when I met the young woman. The high coloring was there, and the self-satisfied air; so also were the masculine tie, the man's vest, and the striped shirt-front. Nor were the diamond pin and the tooth-pick wanting. When she introduced herself by her sign, called me "Culley," and said I was "a crack-a-jack receiver," I was convinced that it was nature, and not I, that had made the mistake as to her sex.

FEELING FOR A LOST CITY.

How powerfully the imagination may be stimulated by a story told in dots and dashes is illustrated by an episode of the Charleston earthquake. At the moment of the final shock, every wire connecting Charleston with

the outside world was instantly "lost." And as no other tidings could be had from the doomed city, it was as if in an instant it had been swept from the face of the earth. And for many hours Charleston remained literally dead to the world.

The next morning, before the average citizen had time to collect his wits, the telegraph people had started out gangs of linemen to get the wires in working order. Operators in the principal offices within a radius of several hundred miles were set to calling "C N." For a long time there was no response; but at last, on the wire which I had in charge, a slight answering signal was felt, rather than heard—faint and flickering, like the first sign of returning life. From that moment my watch was, if possible, more diligent. For an hour or more I called, "adjusted," and used every effort to revive the feeble pulse. I could fancy myself working desperately to resuscitate a half-drowned man. Again I felt the flickering signal, and then once more all signs of life faded away. Finally, as the wires were gradually cleared of *débris*, the current began to strengthen, and then came the answering "i—i! C N"—weak and unsteady, but still sufficiently plain to be made out. To me it sounded like a voice from the tomb, and I shouted aloud the tidings that Charleston was still in existence. Quickly the sounder was surrounded by a throng of excited telegraphers. The Morse was broken and unsteady at first. Then the current grew stronger—the patient was growing better—and for a long time we listened to the labored clicking, until at last the worst was known. And at the end of the recital a great sigh went out from the hearts of all of us, as if literally in our presence a long-buried city had been exhumed.

EXCITED SENDING OF EXCITING NEWS.

In the reporting of races or games by wire, the Morse imparts a singular vitality to the description. The listening crowd hears the description repeated by mouth from the sounder, and they grow enthusiastic or depressed. But it is the showing of the teams that moves them; there is nothing in the sound of the words to stir them. Not so with the Morse reader, particularly if the distant reporter be clever with his telegraphese. The short, sharp dots and dashes impart a most thrilling quality to his announcements—a quality that stirs the blood and makes the heart of the receiver thump with excitement. "They're off!" in print is cold and empty compared to its counterpart in Morse uttered at a critical moment. Some indescribable quality in the sound reflects the sender's interest and feeling as no man, not an elocutionist or an actor, would reflect them in voice or gesture.

COMEDIES OF THE MORSE CODE.

Telegraphic anecdotes there are in plenty. The difficulty is so to set them before the reader as to give him an idea of their telegraphic flavor. Here is one with the flavor partly obscured.

To begin with, it is necessary to say that the letter E in Morse is a single dot, while an O is two dots slightly spaced. It should be plain, therefore, that an O imperfectly spaced, or misinterpreted in receiving, makes the same impression upon the ear as the double E. Upon this rests the point of the story. I was transmitting a message addressed to "Gen. Fitz Lee, Washington"; an old comrade of Lee's was sending him a congratulatory message. As I went ahead "To Gen. Fitz Lee, Washington," the receiver stopped me. "Is that Gen. Fitz Lo?" he queried. "No," I answered impatiently, "it is to Gen. Fitz Lee." "Bk! bk!" (break! break!) said the receiver; "Gen. Fitz Lee or Gen. Fitz Lo—it's infernally stupid of your people to take in a message addressed to a Chinese laundryman in this town without giving a street number."

The fellow's evident earnestness and his naïveté, as evidenced in his Morse, made the ejaculation deliciously funny. The story reached the general, and I afterward heard him tell it at his own expense. But in the telling, the telegraphic flavor was lost.

THE SLANG OF THE WIRE.

Like any other language, Morse has its *patois*—a corrupted version of the purer speech used by the inexperienced or by those to whom nature has denied the finer perceptions of timing and spacing. This *patois* might be called "hog-Morse." It would be quite impossible to give even a rude idea of the humor contained—for the expert—in some of the corruptions of which hog-Morse is guilty. These consist largely in closely joining elements which ought to be spaced, or in separating others that are meant to be close-coupled.

In the *patois* of the wires "pot" means "hot," "foot" is rendered "fool," "U.

S. Navy" is "us nasty," "home" is changed to "hog," and so on. If, for example, while receiving a telegram, a user of the *patois* should miss a word and say to you "6naz fimme q," the expert would know that he meant "Please fill me in." But there is no difficulty about the interpretation of the *patois* provided the receiver be experienced and always on the alert. When, however, the mind wanders in receiving, there is always danger that the hand will record exactly what the ear dictates. On one occasion, at Christmas time, a hilarious citizen of Rome, New York, telegraphed a friend at a distance a message which reached its destination reading, "Cog hog to rog and wemm pave a bumy tig." It looked to the man addressed like Choctaw, and of course was not understood. Upon being repeated, it read, "Come home to Rome, and we'll have a bully time." Another case of confusion wrought by hog-Morse was that of the Richmond, Virginia, commission firm, who were requested by wire to quote the price on a carload of "undressed slaves." The member of the firm who receipted for the telegram being something of a wag, wired back: "No trade in naked niggers since Emancipation Proclamation." The original message had been transmitted by senders of hog-Morse, called technically "hams," and the receivers had absent-mindedly recorded the words as they had really sounded. What the inquirer wanted, of course, was a quotation on a carload of staves in the rough.

The mere sound of the styles of some transmitters is irresistibly comic. One of these natural humorists may be transmitting nothing more than a string of figures, and still make you chuckle at the grotesqueness of his Morse. It is an every-day thing to hear senders characterized as Miss Nancys, rattle-brains, swell-heads, or cranks, or "jays," simply because the sound of their dots and dashes suggests the epithets.

When a telegram is being read by sound, the receiver is not conscious of the dots and dashes that make up the sentences. The impression upon the ear is similar to that produced by spoken words. Indeed, if an experienced telegrapher were asked suddenly what a certain letter is in dots and dashes, the chances are that he would hesitate before being able to answer. In view of this fact I should say that thinking in telegraphese is not possible, and in this point of comparison with a spoken tongue the Morse is deficient. Curiously enough, however, as an aid to memory in the spelling of words the telegraphese is useful. If a telegrapher should be in doubt as to the orthography of a word—whether it were spelt with an ie or an ei, for example—he would only have to sound it on an instrument or click it out on his teeth to dispel at once any uncertainty.

Among the other interesting facts is that, in Morse, family resemblance is shown as often as in face and manner. Furthermore, just as two persons of kindred temperaments—man and wife, say—who have been long associated, are said gradually to grow into a physical resemblance to each other—so, in a like manner, two telegraphers who have worked a wire together for years insensibly mold their Morse each after the other's, until the resemblance between them is readily perceptible.

CLANNISHNESS OF OPERATORS.

If anything else were needed to complete the parallel between the telegraphese and a recognized vehicle of expression, I might add that the users of the language of dots and dashes are animated by a spirit as clannish as that of the Highland Scots. Bring two strangers together; let each know that the other is acquainted with the wire tongue, and in five minutes' time the pair will be swapping telegraph yarns as if they had known each other for years. Country operators, when they get leave to come to town, are drawn irresistibly to the city telegraph office. However strange the city may be, in the central commercial office or the railroad dispatcher's den they are sure to find others who speak their language, and with whom they may fraternize and feel at home. Nor is this clannishness felt in personal intercourse alone; it applies to those who, in widely separated cities, are brought in daily touch by a wire used jointly by all. In idle intervals, on an Associated Press circuit, for example—a wire touching at a dozen or more cities—distance is lost sight of, and all the features of personal intercourse are distinctly present. Stories are told, opinions exchanged, and laughs enjoyed, just as if the participants were sitting together at a club. They grow to know each other's habits, moods, and foibles, their likes and dislikes; and when there is a break in the circle through the death of a member, his absence is felt just as in personal association.

A DEPUTATION TO THE KING.

By Robert Barr.

EVENING had fallen on the gray walls of Castle Stirling, dark night on the town itself, where narrow streets and high gables gave early welcome to the mirk, while the westward-facing turrets of the Castle still reflected the departing glory of the sky. With something suggestive of stealth in his movements, a young man was picking his way through the thickening gloom of the streets. There was still light enough to show that, judging by his costume, he was of the well-to-do farmer class. As he threaded his way through the tortuous streets, ever descending, he heard, coming up, the clatter of a troop of horse, and paused, looking to the right and left as if desirous of escaping an encounter which seemed inevitable; indeed, if such were his object, the stoppage, although momentary, was already too long, for ere he could deflect his course, the foremost of the horsemen was upon him, a well-known noble of the Scottish Court.

"Out of the way, fellow!" cried the rider, and, without giving him time to obey, struck at the pedestrian fiercely with his whip. The young man's agility, however, saved him. Nimbly he placed his back against the wall, thus avoiding the horse's hoofs and the rider's lash. The young man's right hand made a swift motion to his left hip, and, finding no weapon of defense there, the hand fell back to his side again, and he laughed quietly to himself. The next motion of his hand was more in accordance with his station, for it removed his bonnet, and he stood uncovered until the proud cavalcade passed him.

When the street was once more clear, and the echoing sounds had died away in the direction of the Castle, the young man descended until he came to the lower part of the town, where, turning aside up a narrow lane, he knocked at the door of a closed and shuttered building, evidently an abiding place of some of the poorer inhabitants of Stirling. With some caution the door was slightly opened, but when the occupant saw, by the flash of light that came from within, who his visitor was, he threw the portal wide and warmly welcomed the newcomer.

"Hey, guidman," he cried, "ye'er late the night in Stirling."

"Yes," said the young man, stepping inside, "but the farm will see nothing of me till the morning. I've a friend in town who gives me a bed for myself and a stall for my horse, and gets the same in return when he pays a visit to the country."

"A fair exchange," replied the host, as he closed and barred the door.

The low room in which the stranger found himself was a cobbler's shop, while the apron which enveloped the man of the door proclaimed his occupation. The incomer seated himself on a chair, while the cobbler returned to his last and resumed his interrupted work, looking up, however, from time to time, in kindly fashion at his visitor, who seemed to be a welcome guest.

"Well," said the shoemaker with a laugh, "what's wrong with you?"

"Wrong with me? Nothing; what makes you think there is?"

"You are flushed in the face; your breath comes quick as if you had been running, and there's a set about your lips that spells anger."

"You are a very observing man, Fleming," replied he of the plaid. "I have been walking fast so that I should have little chance of meeting any one. But it is as well to tell the whole truth as only part of it. I had a fright up the street. One of those young Court sprigs riding to the Castle tried to trample me under the feet of his horse, and struck at me with his whip for getting into his road, so I had just to plaster my back against somebody's front door and keep out of the way of the troop."

"It's easy to see that you live in the country, Ballengeich," replied the cobbler, "or you wouldn't get red in the face over a little thing like that."

"I had some thought of pulling him off his horse, nevertheless," said the Laird of Ballengeich, whose brow wrinkled into a frown.

"It was just as well you left him alone," commented the cobbler, "for an unarmed man must ever take whatever those Court gallants think to offer, and, if wise, he keeps the gap in the front of his face shut, for fear he gets a bigger gap in his head opened. Such doings on the part of the nobles does not make them exactly popular. Still, I am speaking rather freely, and doubtless you are a firm friend of the new King?" and the shoemaker gave a sidelong glance of caution at his visitor.

"A friend of the King? I wonder to hear you! I doubt if he has a greater enemy than myself in all Scotland."

"Do you mean that, Ballengeich?" inquired the shoemaker with greater interest than the subject seemed to demand, laying down his hammer as he spoke, and looking intently at his guest.

"I'd never say it if it wasn't true," replied the Laird.

It was some moments before the workman spoke, and then he surprised the Laird by his apparent change of subject.

"'OUT OF THE WAY, FELLOW!' CRIED THE RIDER, AND, WITHOUT GIVING HIM TIME TO OBEY, STRUCK AT THE PEDESTRIAN FIERCELY WITH HIS WHIP."

"You are not a married man, I think you told me?"

"No, I am not. There's time enough for that yet," returned the other with a smile.

"What like a house have you got, and how far is it from Stirling?"

"The house is well enough in its way; there's more room in it than I care to occupy. It's strongly built of stone, and could stand a siege if necessary, as very likely it has done in days long past, for it's an old building. It's near enough to Stirling for me to come in and see my friend the cobbler in the evening, and to sleep in my own bed that night, if I cared to do so."

"Is it in a lonely place?"

"It is at the top of a bit hill, yet there's room enough to give you rest and retirement if you should think of keeping retreat from the busy world of the town. What's on your mind, Fleming? Are you swithering whether you'll turn farmer or not? Let me inform you that it's a poor occupation."

"I'll tell you what's on my mind, Ballengeich, if you'll swear piously to keep it a secret."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort," replied the young man decisively. "An honest man's bare word is as good as his bond, and the strongest oath ever yet sworn never yet kept a rascal from divulging a secret."

"You're right in that, you're right in that,' the cobbler hastened to add, "but this involves others as well as myself, and all are bound to each other by oaths."

"Then I venture to say that you are engaged in some nefarious business. What is it? I'll tell nobody, and mayhap, young as I am, I can give you some plain, useful advice from the green fields that will counteract the pernicious notions that rise in the stifling winds of the crowded town."

"Well, I'm not at all sure that we don't need it, for, to tell the truth, I have met with a wild set of lads, and I find myself wondering how long my head will be in partnership with my body."

"Is the case so serious as that?"

"Aye, it is."

"Then why not withdraw?"

"Ah, that's easier said than done. When

you once shut a spring door on yourself, it isn't by saying 'I will' that you get out. You'll not have forgotten the first night that we met, wnen you jumped down on my back from the wall of the Gray Friars' Church?"

"I remember it distinctly, but which was the more surprised, you or me, I have never yet been able to settle. I know I was very much taken aback."

"Not so much as me," interrupted the cobbler dryly, "when you come plump on my shoulders."

"I was going to say," went on Ballengeich, "that I'm afraid my explanation about taking a short cut was rather incoherent."

"Oh, no more than mine—that I was there to catch a thief. It was none of my business to learn why you were in the kirkyard."

"By the way, did you ever hear any more of the thief you were after?"

"That's just the point I am coming to. The man we were after was his youthful Majesty James the Fifth of Scotland."

"What, the King!" exclaimed the Laird.

"Just him, and no other," replied the cobbler, "and very glad I am that the ploy miscarried, although I fear it's to come on again."

"I never heard the like of this!"

"You may well say that. You see it was known that the King in disguise visits a certain house, for what purpose His Majesty will be able to tell you better than me. He goes unattended and secretly, and this gives us our chance."

"But what in the name of the god of fools, whoever he happens to be, would you do with Jimmie once you got him?"

"Well, there are many things that might be mended in this country, as you well know, and the King can mend them if he likes, with a word. Now, rather than have his throat cut, our leader thinks he will agree to reasonable reform."

"And, supposing he doesn't agree, are you going to cut his throat?"

"I don't know what would happen if he proved stubborn. The moderate section is for just locking him by somewhere until he listens to reason."

"And it is in your mind that my house should become a prison for the King?"

"It seems to be worth considering."

"There seems to me very little worth considering in the matter. It is a mad scheme. Supposing the King promised under compulsion, what would be his first action the moment he returned to Stirling Castle? He would scour the country for you, and your heads would come off, one by one, like buttons from an old coat."

"That's what I said. 'Trust the word of a Stuart!' says I. 'It's pure nonsense.'"

"Oh, I'm not sure that the word of a Stuart is not as good as the word of any other man," said Ballengeich, with a ring of anger in his voice, at which the cobbler looked up surprised.

"You're not such an enemy to the King as you let on at first," commented the mender of shoes. "I doubt if I should have told you all this."

"Have no fear. I can pledge you that my word is as good as a Stuart's, at least."

"I hope it's a good deal better."

"Your plan is not only useless, but dangerous, my friend. I told you I would give you my advice, and now you have it. Do you think James is a lad that you could tie to your bench stool here, lock your door, and expect to find him when you came back? You must remember that James has been in captivity before, when the Earl of Angus thought he had him secure in the stronghold of Falkland, and yet Jimmie, who was then but a lad of sixteen, managed to escape. Man, Fleming, I must tell you about that some day."

"Tell me about what?" inquired the shoemaker.

"Oh, well, it may not be true, after all," said young Ballengeich in confusion, "but a friend of mine was gardener at Falkland, and knew the whole story about James's escape. But never mind that. My advice to you is to shake hands with all such schemes, and turn your back on them."

"Oh, that's soon said," cried the cobbler with some impatience. "'Keep out of the fire, and ye'll not be burnt,' says the branch on the tree to the faggot on the woodman's back. You see, Ballengeich, in this matter I'm between the cart-wheel and the hard road. My head's off if this ploy miscarries, as you've just told me, and my throat's cut if I withdraw from the secret conclave. It's but a choice between two hashings. There's a dead cobbler in any event."

"I see your difficulty," said the Laird; "do you want to be helped out of it?"

"Does the toad want to get from under the harrow?"

"When is your next meeting and where?"

"The meetings are held in this room, and the next will be on Wednesday night at eleven o'clock."

"Bless my soul!" cried Ballengeich. "Would nothing content you but to drink the whole bucketful? The rendezvous in your shop! Then whoever escapes, your head's on a pike."

"Aye," murmured the shoemaker dismally.

"It isn't taking very many of you to overturn the House of Stuart," said the Laird, looking around the small room.

"There's just one less than a dozen."

"Then we'll make up the number to the even twelve, hoping good luck will attend us, as we are just as many as the Apostles. Between now and Wednesday night you might confer with your leaders, Fleming. Tell them you have a young man you can trust, who owns just the kind of a house that James can be kept fast in, if he is captured. Say that I will take the oath, or anything else they like to give, and add, which is more to the purpose, that I have a plot of my own which differs from theirs, in giving at least as much chance of success and has the additional quality of being safe. Whether my plan miscarries or not, there will be no need to fear a reprisal, and that has much to say in its favor."

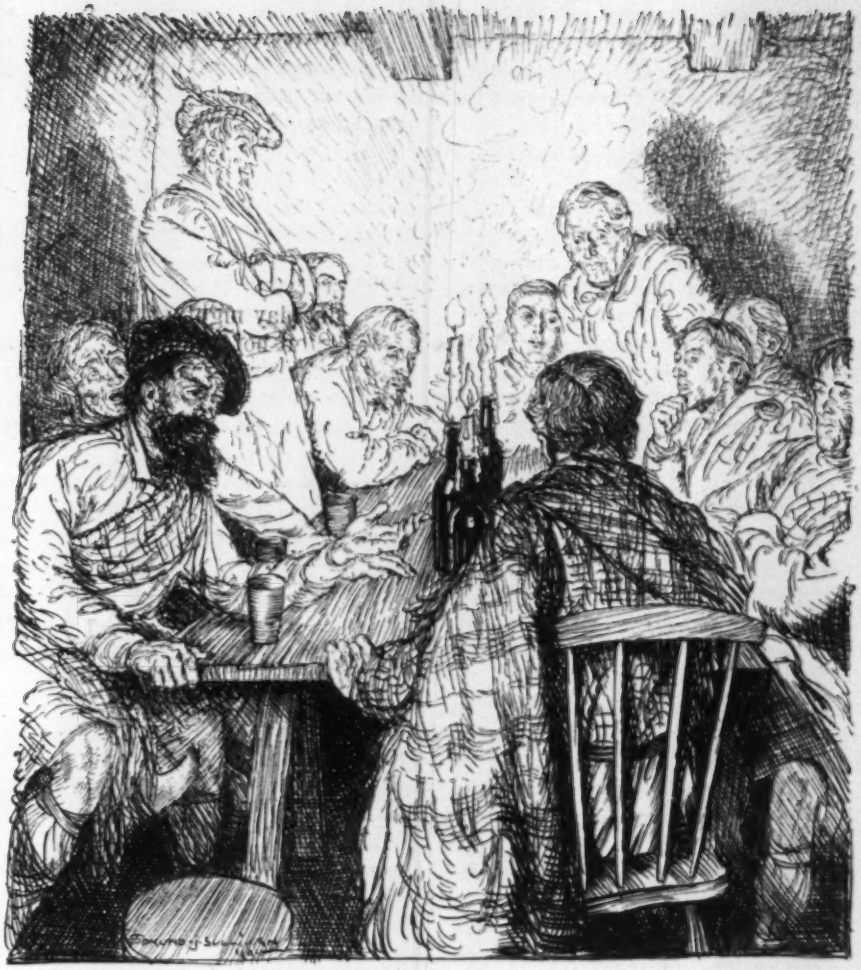
"It is everything in its favor," said the shoemaker with a sigh of relief.

"Very well, then, I will meet you here on Wednesday night at this time, and learn whether or not they agree to have me as one of their number. If they refuse, there's no harm done; I shall say nothing, and the King will know no more about the matter than he does now."

"No man could ask better assurance than that," said the host as his guest rose.

They shook hands, and the guidman of

"THE INCOMER SEATED HIMSELF ON A CHAIR, WHILE THE OTHER RETURNED TO HIS LAST, . . . LOOKING UP, HOWEVER, FROM TIME TO TIME."



"FOR A MOMENT THERE WAS A CLAMOR OF DISCUSSION, ALL SPEAKING AT ONCE, WHILE THE LAIRD STOOD SILENTLY REGARDING THE VOCIFEROUS DISPUTANTS."

Ballengeich, after peering out into the darkness to see that the way was clear, took his leave.

The Laird was prompt to keep his appointment on the following Wednesday, and learned that the conspirators were glad of his assistance. The cobbler's tool-box had been pushed out of the way, and a makeshift table, composed of three boards and two trestles, occupied the center of the room. A bench, made up in similar fashion, ran along the back wall, and there was, besides, a half a dozen stools. There was a hospitable pitcher of strong drink on the rude table, and a few small measures, cups and horns.

As if the weight of conspiracy had lain heavy on his shoulders, the young Laird of Ballengeich seemed older than he had ever looked before. Lines of care marked his brow, and his distraught manner proclaimed the plot-monger new to a dangerous business. The lights, however, were dim, and Ballengeich doubted if any there present would recognize him should they meet him in broad day, and this, in a measure, was comforting. The cobbler sat very quiet on his accustomed bench, the others occupying the stools and the board along the wall.

"We have been told," began the leader, who sat at the head of the table, where he administered the oath with much solemnity to their new member, "we have been told that you have a house which you will place at our disposal should the purpose for which we are gathered here together succeed."

"I have such a house," said the Laird, "and it is, of course, placed freely at your service. But the plan you propose is so full of danger that I wonder if you have given the project the deep consideration it deserves. It will be a hazardous undertaking

to get the King safely into my house; but let us suppose that done. How are you going to keep him there?"

"We will set a guard over him."

"Very good. Which of you are the guardsmen, and how many?"

The conspirators looked at each other, but no one replied. At last the leader said:

"It will be time to consider that when we have him safely under bolt."

"Pardon me, not so. The time to consider all things is now. Everything must be cut and dried, or failure is certain. The moment the King is missing, the country will be scoured for him. There will be no possible place of refuge for miles around that will not be searched for the missing monarch. We will suppose that four of you are guarding the King, two and two, turn about. What are four, and myself, to say to the King's soldiers when they demand entrance to my house?"

"The King is but a boy, and when he sees death or compliance before him, he will accede to our demands."

"He is but a boy, it is true," said the Laird, "but he is a boy, as I pointed out to my friend Fleming, who escaped from the clutches of the Earl of Angus, and who afterward drove the Earl and many of the Douglas leaders into exile in England. That is the kind of boy you have to deal with. Suppose, then, he gives consent to all you place before him? Do you think he will keep his word?"

"I doubt it," said the cobbler, speaking for the first time. "The word of a Stuart is not worth the snap of my fingers."

"On the other hand, if he does not accede," continued Ballengeich, "what are we to do with him?"

"Cut his throat," replied the leader.

"No, no," cried several others, and for a moment there was a clamor of discussion, all speaking at once, while the Laird stood silently regarding the vociferous disputants. Finally their leader said:

"What better plan have you to propose?"

"The King is a boy," spoke up Ballengeich, "as you have said. But he is a boy, as I have told you, extremely difficult to handle with violence. I propose, then, to approach him peaceably; that a deputation wait upon His Majesty and place before him the evils that require remedying, being prepared to answer any question he may ask regarding the method of their amendment. If peaceable means fail, then try violence, say I; but it is hardly fair to the young man to approach him at the beginning of his reign with a dirk in the hand. His answer would likely be a reference to his headsman; that is a favorite Stuart mode of argument. I have some friends about the Castle," continued the Laird; "I supply them with various necessaries from the farm, and if I do say it myself, I am well thought of by some in authority. I can guarantee you, I am sure, a safe-conduct for your mission."

"But if safe-conduct is refused?" said the leader.

"In that case no harm's done. I shall divulge the names of none here present, for indeed I know the name of none, except of my friend the cobbler."

"Will you head the delegation, and be its spokesman?"

"No. My power to serve you lies in the fact, as I said, that I am well thought of in the Palace. That power would be instantly destroyed, were I known as disaffected. I would put it on this basis. My friend Fleming is the spokesman of ten others who have grievances to place before His Majesty; therefore, as a matter of friendship between Fleming and myself, I ask safe-conduct for the eleven."

"Indeed," cried the cobbler, "I wish you would leave my name out of the affair, since no one else seems eager to put his own forward."

"I put mine forward in making the request," said Ballengeich.

"Aye, but not as one of the deputation."

"Very well," agreed the Laird in an offhand manner, "if you make a point of it, I have no objection in saying that I shall make one of the concert. I only proposed to keep out of it because it is always well to have an unbiased person to put in his word at a critical moment, and it seems to me important to have such a person on the outside, but it shall be exactly as you please. I have made my proposal, and with you rests the acceptance or rejection of it. If you think it safer to kidnap a King than to have a friendly chat with him, all amicably arranged beforehand, then all I can say is that I don't in the least agree with you. Please yourselves. We have but one neck apiece, and surely we can risk it in the manner that brings us most content."

"There is wisdom in what the Laird says," cried one of the moderate party. "I never liked the kidnapping idea."

"Nor I," said the cobbler. "It was but a wild Hie'lan' idea."

"It has this advantage," continued Ballengeich with nonchalant impartiality, "that if it does not succeed you can then fall back upon abduction."

"It is putting our heads in the lion's mouth," objected the leader, but in the discussion that followed he was voted down, and then came the choosing of the delegates, on which rock the proposal was nearly wrecked, for there seemed no anxiety on the part of any four present to form the committee of expostulation which was to meet the monarch. At last it was decided that all should go, if Ballengeich could produce them a written safe-conduct signed by the King, which would include eleven persons.

Within three days this document was placed in the hands of the cobbler by Ballengeich, who told him that it had been signed that morning. And he added that the King had expressed himself as well pleased to receive a deputation of his loyal subjects.

The cobbler handled the passport gingerly, as if he were not altogether assured of its potency to protect him.

"The conference is for Wednesday, at midday," said Ballengeich. "Assemble some minutes before that hour in the courtyard of the Castle."

THE HEADSMAN DOES HIS DUTY.

"Wednesday!" echoed the cobbler, turning pale. "Why Wednesday, the day of our weekly meetings? Did you suggest it?"

"It was the King's suggestion, of course," replied Ballengeich. "It is merely a coincidence, and is, I think, a good omen."

"I wish I were as sure of it," moaned the cobbler.

Before the bell rang twelve the conspirators gathered together in the courtyard of the Castle Stirling; huddled would, perhaps, be the more accurate word, for they were eleven very frightened men. More than one cast longing looks toward the gate by which they had entered, but some places are easier to enter than to leave, and the portal was well guarded by stalwart soldiers.

As the bell slowly tolled twelve an official came from the Palace into the courtyard, searched the delegation for concealed weapons, and curtly commanded them to follow him. Climbing the stone stairway, they were ushered into a large room containing a long oaken table, with five chairs on one side and six on the other. At the head of the table was a high-backed chair, resembling a throne. The official left them standing there alone, and after he had closed the door by which they had entered, they heard the ominous sounds of bolts being thrust into their places. The silence which followed seemed oppressive, almost suffocating. No man spoke, but each stood like a statue holding his cap in his hand. At last the tension was broken, but hardly relieved. The heavy curtains parted and the King entered the room, clad in the imposing robes of his high estate. A frown was on his brow, and he advanced straight from the doorway to the throne at the head of the table, without speaking or casting a glance at any one of the eleven. When he had seated himself, he said gruffly:

"There is a chair for each of you; sit down."

It is doubtful if any of the company, except the cobbler, at first recognized the Laird of Ballengeich, but when he spoke several started and looked anxiously one at another. Again the King spoke:

"A week ago to-night I met you in Fleming's room. I appointed this day for the conference that the routine of your meetings might not be disturbed, as I thought it well that the last of your rebellious gatherings should be held in the Castle of Stirling, for I have resolved that this conclave shall be your final effort in treason. One of your number has stated that the word of a Stuart

"'I'LL GIVE YOU A TOAST. MAY THERE NEVER COME A TIME WHEN A SCOTCHMAN IS AFRAID TO RISK HIS HEAD FOR WHAT HE THINKS IS RIGHT.'"

is not to be trusted. This reputation appears to have descended to me, and it is a pity I should not take advantage of it."

When the King ceased speaking he lifted a small mallet and smote a resounding bell on the table before him. A curtain parted and two men entered, bearing between them a block covered with a black cloth; this they silently placed in the center of the floor and withdrew. Again the King smote the bell, and there entered a masked executioner, with a gleaming ax over his shoulder. He took his place beside the block, resting the head of his ax on the floor.

"This," continued the King, "is the entertainment I have provided for you. Each of you shall taste of that," and he pointed to the heading-block.

The cobbler rose unsteadily to his feet, drawing from his bosom with trembling fingers the parchment bearing the King's signature. He moistened his dry lips with his tongue, then spoke in a low voice. "Sir," he said, "we are here under safe-conduct from the King."

"Safe-conduct to where?" cried James, angrily, "that is the point. I stand by the document; read it; read it!"

"Sir, it says safe-conduct to eleven men here present, under protection of your royal word."

"You do not keep to the point, cobbler," shouted the King, bringing his fist down upon the table. "Safe-conduct to where? The parchment does not say safe-conduct back into Stirling. Safe-conduct to heaven, or elsewhere, was what I guaranteed."

"That is but an advocate's quibble, your Majesty. Safe-conduct is a phrase well understood by high and low alike. But we have placed our heads in the lion's mouth, as our leader said last Wednesday night, and we cannot complain if now his jaws are shut. Nevertheless I would respectfully submit to your Majesty that I alone, of those present, doubted a Stuart's word, and am

like to have my doubts practically confirmed. I would also point out to your Majesty that my comrades would not have been here had I not trusted the Master of Ballengeich, and through him the King; therefore I beg to pay the penalty of my error alone."

"There is reason in what you say," replied the King. "Are you all agreed to that?" he asked of the others.

"No, by God!" cried the leader, springing to his feet. "We stand or fall together. The mistake was ours as well as his; we entered these gates with our eyes open."

"Headsman," said the King, "do your duty."

The headsman whipped off the black cloth and displayed a box containing a large jug surrounded by eleven drinking-horns.

Those present, all now on their feet, glanced with amazement from the masked man to the King. The sternness had vanished from His Majesty's face. There sparkled in his eye all the jubilant mischief of the incorrigible boy, and his laughter rang to the ceiling. Somewhat recovering his gravity, he stretched out his hand and pointed a finger at the cobbler.

"I frightened you, Fleming," he cried, "I frightened you; don't deny it. My gold crown against a weaver's woolen bonnet I frightened the whole eleven of you."

"Indeed," said the cobbler, with an uneasy laugh, "I shall be the first to admit it."

"Your face was as white as a harvest moon in mid-sky, and I heard somebody's teeth chatter. Now, the drink we had at our meetings heretofore was vile, and no more fitted for a Christian's throat than is the headsman's ax, but if you ever tasted anything better than this, tell me where to get a hogshead of it."

The headsman, having filled their horns, the leader raised the flagon above his head.

"I give you the toast of the King!"

"No, no," said the boyish monarch, "I want to drink this myself. I'll give you a toast. May there never come a time when a Scotchman is afraid to risk his head for what he thinks is right."

And this toast they drank together.

IN AND AROUND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

By Cleveland Moffett.

Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author.

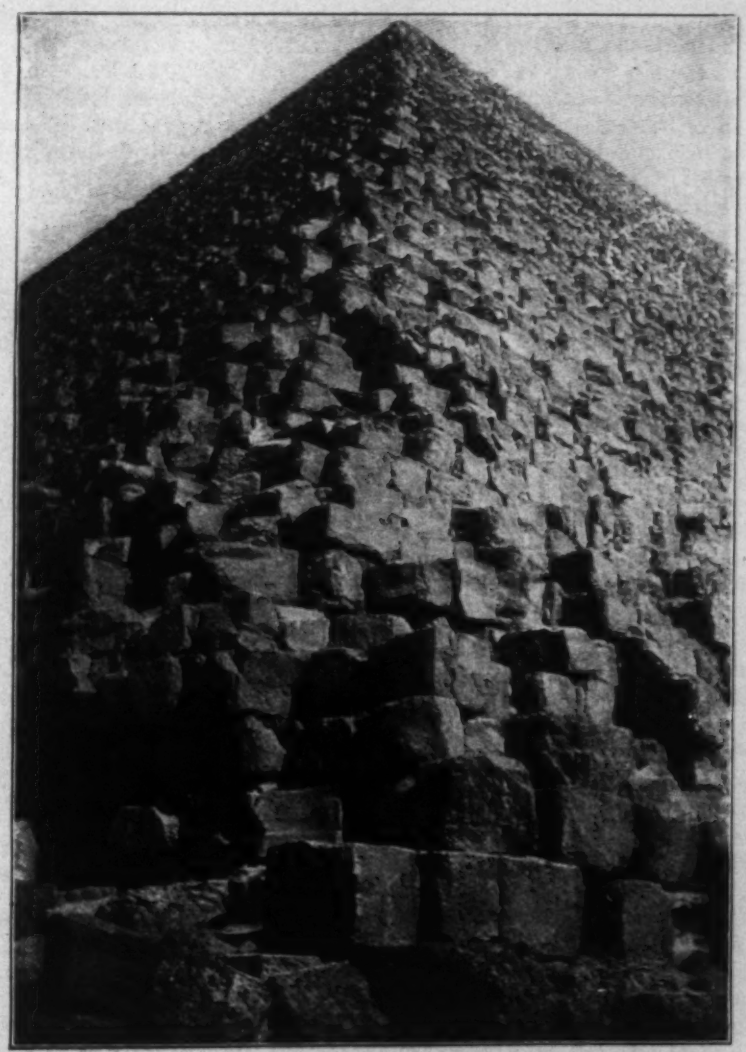
I FEAR geographies and picture-books have half-spoiled the pyramids for many of us by making them seem commonplace, just as children's readers have spoiled some good English poetry. Then Mark Twain has set the fashion of being funny about these venerable piles, and, between the two influences, first impressions are apt to be disturbed. There are tourists who arrive with a flippant "Hello, Cheops, old boy!" There are others who give only tolerant interest, as if they had seen it all before. Yet many of both classes go away finally in reverent silence, wishing people had taught them less—or more—about the pyramids. For one thing, take the matter of dust and heat, in which the picture-book-makers have surely misled us, for do they not represent the pyramids as standing out on a burning waste, with only a naked palm tree every mile or so to keep the glare off, and individuals in queer hats gasping about, half-smothered in the sand storms? As a matter of fact, the seven-mile drive from Cairo to Cheops comes off as pleasantly as a carriage ride out of Long Branch, and is over as good a road. The whole avenue, furthermore, is shaded by lines of acacias not a whit less inviting than those of the famous Bois de Boulogne, and so cool a breeze blows down them that you scarcely feel the sun. As you roll along behind two Arab grays (what horses they have, to be sure, in this wonderful city of Cairo!), your eye is gladdened by tropical gardens, beyond which spread the varying greens of the rich Nile valley, for the old river covers this whole verdant plain in July and August, and all but laps the base of Cheops. In the whole world there are no richer fields than these that reach beyond the pyramids, fields giving three or four crops a year—wheat, Indian corn, grass, whatever the Arab husbandman puts down. Desert there is, no doubt, to the west and south, the Libyan Desert and the Great Sahara; but certainly none as you come from Cairo. And now bounds barefoot at your carriage side one of

the princely paupers who rise up everywhere out of the ground, and offers you strawberries set in green leaves, a generous basketful. He calls for a shilling; but give him sixpence, and he will salaam with delight while you fall to the eating. Little notion I ever got from my geography of driving to Cheops by a smooth, shaded way, with luscious fruit served *en route*.

At the left of the avenue runs a single-track trolley line, soon to be put in operation, and you are surprised to find that this neither shocks nor amuses you. After all, why not get to Gizeh by bell-punch and motorman, if that is the easiest way? We get to Niagara so; and be sure it is not some bits of wire and rolling boxes that will lessen the wonder of this place! Nor will the brand-new hotel, with its modern improvements, disturb the dignity of Cheops, though it stands in his very shadow. What, indeed, does Cheops care for electric bells and tesselated bath-rooms, and guests in evening clothes enjoying *table d'hôte* luxuries? The whole pigmy affair makes but a dot in the landscape—though a vastly comfortable dot, one must allow, for weary mortals. Still I wish they would take down their big, staring "American Bar" sign that greets you by the roadway where the camels rest.

THE ASCENT AND DESCENT.

Well, we climbed the great pyramid in the usual way, with Arabs pulling ahead and



A CORNER OF CHEOPS, LOOKING UP.

It is by this corner that the ascent and descent are usually made.

pushing behind. We paused when we felt like it for breath and to take the view; we bought some trumpery coins at the half-way place for a few piasters; we snapped our cameras, and got real thrills of pleasure and wonder when at last we reached the top. A generous two shillings' worth surely (that is the charge per head) is served you now in panorama: a dozen pyramids, little and big, some at your feet, some on the far horizon; ruins of tombs and temples here and there, vaguely outlined; to the east, a great patchwork quilt of yellows and greens, the Nile harvest lands cut across by irrigating ditches and the road to Cairo; to the west and south, a rolling white-yellow sea with a hard wind sweeping it; to the southeast, half a mile distant, the Sphinx with back turned, an insignificant brown knob rising out of the sand like a mushroom.

To a man on the top, Cheops is much more precipice than pyramid—a precipice with 500 feet of sheer descent. A fall from the top would be just as certain as a fall from the Eiffel Tower. You would strike two or three times, with wider rebounds, and land with the life gone out of you. I had thought of the steps as wide enough to stop such a fall, but in many places they are narrow, and treacherous with sand and cement, so that unless you caught yourself at the very first slip it would be all over. The people who delight in pitting two poor wretches of Arabs one against the other in a race from Cheops's top to the top of Chephren (the second pyramid) may be surprised to know that this little game has cost several lives. Once every season or two (so the record stands) a runner leaps too fast or too far, or finds false landing for his bare feet, and then there is one less Arab in the world to beg for bakshish.

The descent, rather against our expectations, proved easier than the ascent. For a man of fair activity, there are simply some 250 two-foot jumps to be taken (a few of three or four feet), with Arabs ahead and Arabs behind as buffers and encouragers—a bit of exercise the average American boy would call play. For a woman, it is a matter of progressive sliding and easy falling to and from the brown hands that hold and catch her, while a turban hitched around her waist pulls back like an anchor chain.

On the way down I asked an old Arab, more intelligent than the rest and quite proficient in English, why the men insisted on my following a certain course down near the corner. He explained that the ascents and descents are always made at the corners (usually the northeast one), and that to venture out on one of the faces is dangerous.

"Why is it dangerous?"

"Because the steps are not as well cleared there as they are at the corners; they are covered with sand and crumbling stone."

"Do you mean that no one goes out on the faces?"

"Very few do. You can judge by this, that bluebirds often make their nests there."

"Suppose I offered you a shilling to walk around the pyramid on this step?" We were half-way down.

"I would not do it."

"Two shillings?"

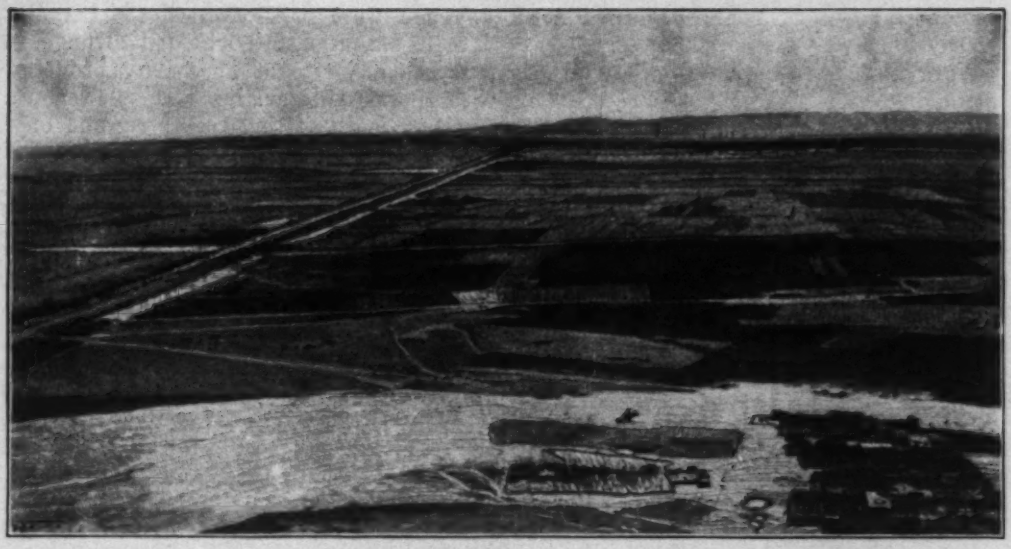
He hesitated. "I'd like to earn the two shillings, but I'd rather do it some other way. I'll tell you why. Do you see this scar?" He pushed back his turban, and pointed to a jagged cut. "Once I fell to the bottom from about here, and was nearly killed. So I'm careful now. Besides, I'm sixty years old."

"Ask these other men if one of them will go from bottom to top up the middle of the western faces. Do you understand?"

The old man understood and asked the question, and there followed a clamor of talk, out of which came the offer of a straight young fellow to make the climb—only he wanted five dollars to do it, and said it would take two hours. I knew there were many guides who could run up and down at the northeast corner in eight or nine minutes, so I asked if no one could make better time than two hours, and the answer was that only two men in the lot would attempt the feat at all. All this, in my opinion, was more because it was something new than because of any extreme danger in the feat. I climbed a short distance myself up the middle of the northern face without special difficulty, and I had boots on. I admit, though, that the sand did begin to slide under my feet.

CHEOPS SEEN BY NIGHT.

That evening we lingered over our after-dinner coffee, and it was past nine when we came out across the wide piazza, leaving behind the glow of electric lamps, the swing of a waltz, and the gossip of some English ladies smoking cigarettes on a divan with an air of bored superiority. The night was before us, and the desert. Under the stars



VIEW FROM CHEOPS, LOOKING EAST.

". . . *To the east, a great patch-work quilt of yellows and greens, the Nile harvest lands cut across by irrigating ditches and the road to Cairo.*"

rose the dim shape of Cheops. A white camel lay by the road, and his driver beside him, both sleeping. A tall figure came out of the shadows, draped in robes of black and white. It was Mahomet, our servant, who had been waiting as these men know how to wait. We proposed walking about the Great Pyramid; but Mahomet thought it better we should ride.

As we approached the pyramid a dog barked, and another stately shape rose out of the gloom. And within a minute two others came.

"There are watchmen who sleep here. See, they have guns. They ask if you want to go up."

Not only this, but one of the three was eager to make a record run to the top with only the stars to guide him.

"Do people climb the pyramid at night?" I asked.

"Yes, many times; they come often from Cairo when the moon shines."

We made our way slowly around the pyramid, and with detours for ruins, hollows, and sand-hills it was a good mile in all—a matter of twenty minutes' rough going, especially when you are on a donkey with neither bridle nor stirrups and have to steer him like a bicycle.

In doing the circuit, I noticed an odd illusion—that the top of Cheops leans first to one side, then to the other, so that each corner in turn seems to have the steeper slant. And as we crossed the north side, the black hole of the entrance seemed first nearer the west corner, then nearer the east.

"Is it true," I asked Mahomet, "that the passage into the pyramid points straight to the north star?"

"Yes," he said, "it is true."

"Could I go in a few feet and see for myself?"

"If you like."

I had a caprice to test this thing that I had read in books. So I clambered up, then down into the hole, Mahomet helping me. We did not go in far, as we had no candle—only about twenty feet; but that was far enough. Looking up the passage slope, I could see the north star plainly in the square setting of the rock at the mouth of the passage. Not only was it visible, but it stood out at the very middle of the square. I was satisfied.

We walked on a little distance, and Mahomet set the echoes going; you shout to Cheops, and he shouts back; you clap your hands three times quickly, and he claps his to match you. But somehow this sport seemed to me unworthy, like teasing a giant, and I bade the boy desist. And then we were silent so long that our voices sounded strange when we spoke. And there was sadness in the silence.

"What were you thinking?" asked my companion.

"I was thinking how many centuries Cheops will be standing after we are dead."

"And I, how many centuries he had stood already when we were born."

We went back to the hotel, where all was settling down for the night, and scarcely had we retired, when a long shriek sounded across the Sahara like a wail of terror. It was the steam whistle warning tardy guests that in five minutes the 1,200 electric lights of the establishment would be extinguished.

INSIDE CHEOPS.

Next morning I set out to explore the inner regions of the Great Pyramid. We made our way in four strong—three Arabs and myself. First went Saide, candle in hand, leading the way down a straight passage about sixty feet long, and steep enough and smooth enough to send one sliding to the bottom but for hollows worn in the stones every yard or so. These gave excellent support to the Arabs, who knew the way and were barefoot into the bargain; but to me, in stiff boots and strange to everything, it meant an uneasy progress, with sliding and scuffling. Once I bumped my head in forgetting to stoop; and once my legs shot forward from under me, and I was only saved from avalanching onward by the Arab behind, whom we designated as "the old man." Presently the passage straightened to a level, and Saide called out the inevitable "Mine yer head!" for a low rock. Beyond this, we came into a small, rough-hewn chamber, with smoke-blackened sides; the spot, it is said, where old Caliph-el-Mamûn, in his vandal search for treasure a thousand years ago, came upon the real road to Cheops's mysteries, successfully hidden up to that time by the builders' cunning. Here still, above a pile of rubbish, is the very passage cut in by the caliph from the outside and blocked with dust these many years.

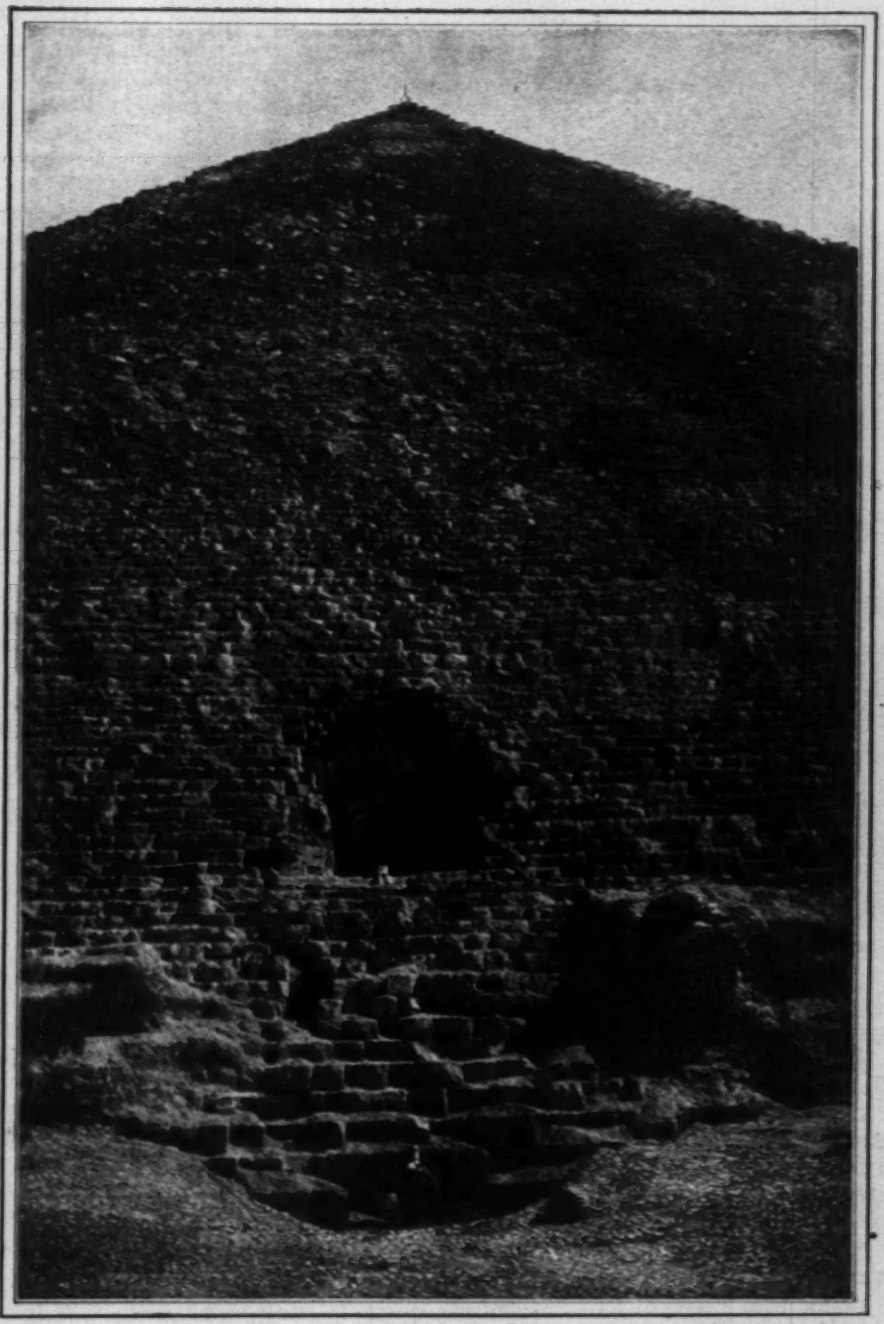
THE DESCENT OF CHEOPS.

"For a man of fair activity, there are simply some 250 two-foot jumps. . . . For a woman, it is a matter of progressive sliding and easy falling to and from the brown hands that hold and catch her, while a turban hitched around her waist pulls back like an anchor chain."

Now we climb a black wall, with hands and feet in easy niches, and enter another passage, square and smooth, finished like the first, but somewhat larger, yet still so low that we must walk with bodies bent. This passage turns sharply to the east (the first ran south), and goes up in a steep and slippery ascent. Under the low-held candles the stones shine yellowish white, like glazed earthenware; and stride by stride we mount them, reaching up from one scooped-out foot-place to the next, the old man puffing behind, pretending to boost me on, while Saide gives a useful hand from before, and at intervals inquires, "How you feel?"

We are working steadily in and up, treading the road made for Cheops's body and meant for none other. We are getting nearer and nearer the heart of the Great Pyramid.

"Psst, psst, psst, psst," comes a sound all about us like a sharp whispering. I had heard it before, but now when we pause for breath it is plainer.



THE NORTH FACE OF CHEOPS, SHOWING THE WORN AND TREACHEROUS STONE COURSES AND THE ENTRANCE.

"What is that?" I ask Saide; but he does not understand. "The noise that goes psst, psst, psst, psst, all about us? What is it?" I repeat.

"Bats," says Mahomet from behind, and his voice is strange.

"This is the well," says Saide, as we step to a new level. The others come up, and press about in a narrow space. Underneath opens a chasm in the stone; overhead opens black space, and only two feeble candles against this darkness! The Arabs look queer. The whites of their eyes turn from me to the well, and turn back from the well to me. I don't like it. I feel, somehow, that human life is a cheap thing inside of

PASSAGE LEADING UP TO THE GREAT GALLERY AND THE KING'S CHAMBER.

Cheops. How many murders have been done, I wonder, at this well? They say it is 191 feet deep and blocked with sand. Who knows how many bones are buried in the sand? I pull myself together against these fancies.

Here was the situation as I took it in by degrees: Straight before me a horizontal passage about four feet square; over this a low wall; and over this again the Great Gallery, rising and widening and lengthening into blackness. This yawning mouth came down far above on a sharp slant; the lower passage came forward on a level, and the two met here by the well with a single square of stone at the angle.

"King's Chamber that way," said Mahomet, pointing up. "Queen's Chamber that way," pointing straight ahead.

We moved on now through the horizontal passage, over the same smooth, yellowish stones (limestone, I believe), with the same bending of bodies for the diminished height, not over four feet. At intervals I noticed cup-shaped holes in the stones of the floor, made, so Mahomet said, by pyramid scientists to assist their measurements. Ten feet beyond the hundred we went before we reached the Queen's Chamber, a room about eighteen feet in each dimension, quite bare and free from inscription or decoration save for a long, narrow recess in the north wall shaped like a Gothic window. Out of this bats flew at us by the dozen as if in wilful attack.

"Turn your back, sair," cried Mahomet; "they may hit you or bite you."

"Do bats bite?"

"These bats bite; if they catch your cheek, they cut out a hole."

Mahomet went at them sharply with his stick, and they were soon scattered.

"What was that for?" I asked, pointing to the recess, which shelved back to a narrow fissure whence the bats came.

"For the Queen's sarcophagus."

"Where is it now?"

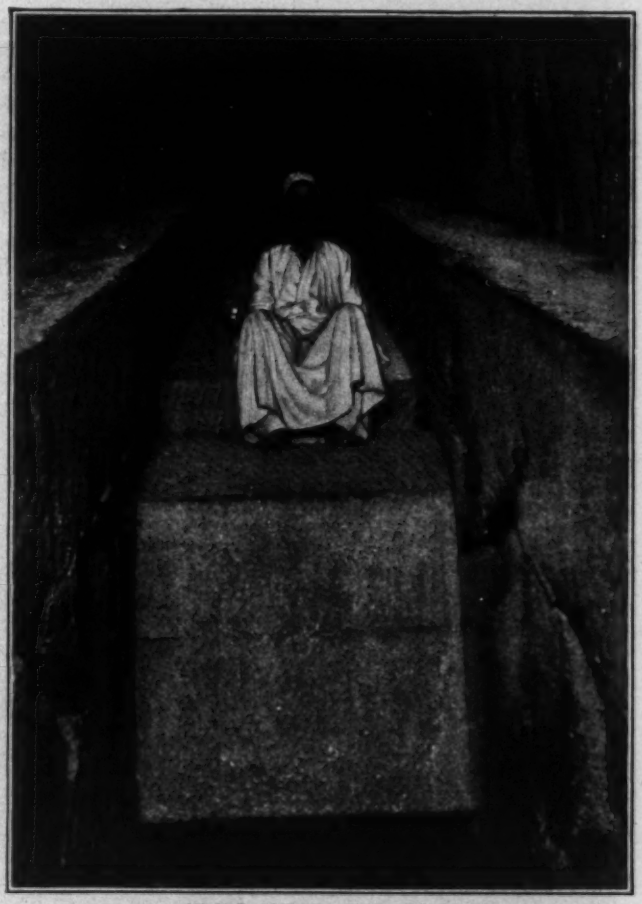
Mahomet expressed the pious opinion that Allah alone knew.

We went back now to the well, and I got Saide to wriggle his way down for twenty or thirty feet, which he was able to do by catching his hands and feet in cracks and hollows of the stones. And a strange sight it was to see him descending this cavernous shaft, candle in hand. The guides declare that in the present condition of the well it is death to push down to the great subterranean chamber known to lie at the bottom, ninety feet down through solid trap-rock that forms the base of Cheops. They say the man who attempts it will be choked with falling sand, and leave his body there; still, the thing has been done in the past, so why not again?

"Doesn't the first passage we were in lead down to this subterranean chamber?" I asked on the strength of what I had read. The men agreed that it did, but no one of them had ever traveled the way, nor could, they declared, for the stones that had fallen

and the sand that had drifted in. Here also death would meet the hardy explorer—which may or may not be true.

I may say that the Great Gallery is seven feet wide, twenty-eight feet high, and 151 feet long. It would hold a train of six cable cars with a second train on top and a third on top of that. As for the exact degree of its perilous slant, any one who remembers his trigonometry can figure it out by taking the passage to the Queen's Chamber (110 feet) as the base of a right-angled triangle, with the Great Gallery (151 feet) as the hypotenuse. In other words, the Queen's Chamber is directly under the King's Chamber. To the latter place we now made our way, passing first into a vestibule space like a little chapel, where some claim that the sarcophagus of Cheops originally rested. Certain it is that two huge blocks of granite higher than a man's head stand at either end of this room, with space between them about equal to the length of a sarcophagus and sufficient space above. This vestibule, by rough measurement, is fourteen feet high, six feet wide, and eleven feet long. I climbed upon one of the blocks, and sat in the soft dust of centuries. In the wall nearest the King's Chamber were deep grooves running lengthwise from floor to roof. The guides say these were cut for ropes to work in when the sarcophagus was raised and lowered, the fit in the room being so perfect that without them there would have been no room for the ropes.



INSIDE CHEOPS—THE WELL.

The upper passage is the great gallery, which leads to the King's Chamber; the lower leads to the Queen's Chamber.

In the King's Chamber there is an effect of vastness beyond that of the Great Gallery, where the close-set walls hem you in like a narrow street. Here by candle-light you make out dimly the width and height (some six yards each), and the length not at all—it is really about thirty-four feet. You wonder at the huge blocks that make the walls and floor, some ten feet square—one, two full spans of the outstretched arms. They are larger even than the giant stones of the Great Gallery, not limestone like them, but gray granite, smoothed and polished to its fine blackish grain. And where in the modern world is such fitting of stones as this? The blocks join in lines straight and narrow as the ruling of a pencil. Even Saide is stirred to admiration.

"See jynte," he says, pointing; "very small jynte. No leetel bit can you put yer finger up."

The walls are scarred with many names, some chalked on roughly, some cut in the stone, some done in candleblack. Some Koran worshiper has announced in Arabic to the bats and others that "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." I was glad to see that no impertinent knives or marking things have had their way on the sarcophagus. But this red rock casket today lies lidless and empty.

Most remarkable are the echoes in this central vault—strange reverberations that roll away and mock back at you through all the walls and passages. I fancy it must have been these echoes that encouraged the

original searchers after rooms above the King's Chamber, for it is plain to any ear that hollow spaces lie there. I gave one long shout, and heard it in deafening tumult all about me for five seconds or more, then in a steady, dying tone from far overhead.

I will not go farther into the details of this first visit inside the Great Pyramid. When we came out it was two o'clock, and we had been five hours inside. There were numerous photographs taken; there was a perilous slip and slide going down the Great Gallery; there was an investigation (as far as one can investigate) of various ragged holes leading to air-shafts, and a cross-questioning of the guides in matters of pyramid construction, whereby I learned of a way of reaching other chambers than the ones I had seen, chambers higher up in the pyramid—only people seldom went there.

"Why?" I asked.

"It is dangerous."

"Can you take me there?"

"No, no, we cannot go there. Very hard to go there. Must have ladders, ropes, many things."

By more questioning I learned that these higher rooms are called the Five Chambers, and are reached from the top of the Great Gallery at the northeast corner. They showed me the place, and by peering upward I made out some wooden cross-bars set across the angle of the walls. I told Mahomet I must know more about these Five Chambers, and he agreed to bring to the hotel two men who had made the ascent.

"Are they the only ones who have done it?" I asked.

"Yes, they are the only ones."

The two men were waiting after luncheon. Mahomet had brought them from a neighboring village, and it was easy to see that they put good valuation on their ability to reach the Five Chambers. Five dollars was their price for the service, and they called this an off-season rate. I offered eight shillings. They came down to sixteen. I offered twelve, and they refused it. Finally, a bargain was struck for fourteen shillings—about $3.50; they to furnish everything and to get no bakshish unless I was satisfied.

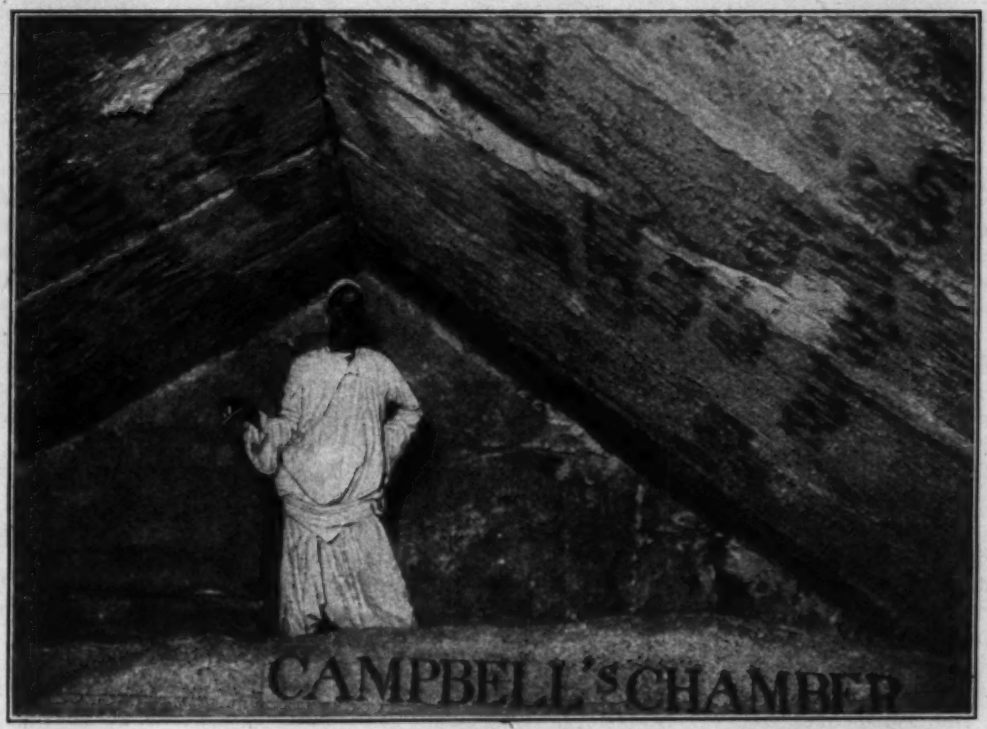
THE SARCOPHAGUS, IN THE KING'S CHAMBER.

TO THE FIVE CHAMBERS.

At the appointed time next morning I made my way to the end of the Great Gal-

lery, where four Arabs hitched a rope round my waist. From far above came down a candle glow and orders from the chief climber, who had worked himself up there unaided, by some miracle of skill. It was quite plain now that he would earn his fourteen shillings if he got me safely through this thing. Two ropes hung down this dark corner, one tied fast to me, the other dangling free. It was hard to get a question answered, since all the Arabs talked at once, and the echoes made their bad English worse; but I finally understood that I was to called from below. "Butcher fhoot on whood!" And presently I saw that they were talking about the first cross-bar in the corner, and worked my way towards it.

I can't say what the danger was at this point, but I suppose if the rope had broken I should have gone plunging down the Great Gallery like a rock down a mountain-side. From the first cross-bar there was an easy lift to the second, then to the third, with a few moments at each to steady myself. And so gradually, by haul of the rope and lift of my arms on the cross-bars and kick of my



THE FIFTH CHAMBER.

Campbell's, or the Fifth Chamber, is the highest elevation to be reached in the interior of the Great Pyramid.

pull myself up by the free rope while the man above hauled on the other. What secured the ropes, or how strong the man was, remained matters of conjecture.

I slapped my pockets to make sure that I had everything, looked over the photographic outfit that lay about, charged climber number two, who was to follow, not to let the kodak fall unless he fell himself, and then said I was ready. First it was "boosh behine" up a few steps of rickety ladder, then more steps by myself, and then I swung out in the chasm, and the rope lifted slowly.

"Mine a whood, mine a whood!" they legs against the stones, I came up to the level of the chief climber, who was stretched back flat, with feet braced in a corner, working and shining like a good fellow.

"Bravo!" he cried as I crawled into the low, black tunnel where he lay, and the echoes brought up a confused murmur of "Bravo!" from the men below.

We waited here until our second man had come up in like manner, and the things had been hoisted carefully one by one.

"Where is Mahomet?" I asked, and learned that Mahomet had shirked the climbing at the last moment. These Arabs are timid enough before an unfamiliar danger!

Now we went into the hole (it was not big enough to be called a tunnel), and wriggled along heads foremost on a bed of dust as smooth as flour. I went between the two Arabs, each bearing a candle, but almost blocking its light with his body. The end of the passage was so small that a stout man would have stuck in it. One could see by the jagged sides and unfinished surfaces that this way was never made by the builders.

We came out (after not so many yards of this) into a rough shaft, like a half-made well, with darkness overhead. Up this shaft, at the height of a tall man's head, was a black hole, out of which came a great twittering of bats. To this we climbed, then into it, and presently we found that we had reached the First Chamber, a good-sized room in length and breadth, but ridiculously low, say four feet high at the highest. Being unable to stand, I sat me down on the floor, and wondered what purpose this chamber could have served, for it was quite bare, though the walls and ceiling were of the same smooth granite blocks we had seen below.

"Try the next one," I said, and we pushed on. More climbing up the well shaft, another black hole, and then the Second Chamber. It was almost identical with the first—a length of a dozen yards, a width of five, and just height enough for a small boy to stand in. On one wall was painted "Wellington's Chamber," in large black letters as evenly made as if a sign-painter had done them. The floor of this chamber was in unfinished rock, though tolerably level, but the ceiling and walls were smoothed with pains, and all was of granite.

The Third Chamber was reached in the same manner, and I saw now that the ragged, vertical shaft connected with each of the rooms through openings in its side, the floor spaces of all being equal and the five chambers lying one above the other, so that visiting them was like going up a five-story house. Only there were two or three yards of rock between floors, and crevasses in a precipice by way of stairs. A chimney-sweep would have been at home here. On the wall of the Third Chamber, in the same black letters (at least a foot high) as those on the wall in the Second Chamber, was marked "Nelson's Chamber, April 25, 1837." This room was a little higher than the other two, and showed cleaner and finer blocks of granite. Nine of them, laid side by side, composed the ceiling, each in its single piece making the full width of fifteen feet. To look at the cement between these monster blocks one would say it was fresh but yesterday; the trowel marks are in it plainly.

But the queerest feature of this chamber was its floor formation, for this was not at all even, but lifted into five granite mounds running from side to side, with four level spaces between them, each mound and each level space being a single granite block, and the nine corresponding to the nine of the ceiling. Now why this difference between floor and ceiling, for the latter was perfectly level? What was the meaning of these mounds?

The room above this was marked "Lady Arbuthnot's Chamber, May 9, 1837." It had the same smooth ceiling and the same irregular floor, only here the granite mounds went up in great wide steps to the highest one at the middle and then descended; and the nine blocks of the ceiling were some of gray granite, and some of red granite like the sarcophagus, which scarcely seems an accident when one remembers how rare this red granite was. Indeed, nothing was done by accident in this incomparable monument of purpose and precision. I may add that the walls of this Fourth Chamber, unlike the others, were of limestone.

As we ascended, the rooms increased in height until, in the Fifth Chamber—"Campbell's Chamber, May 27, 1837"—we found plenty of space to stand upright; this was due partly to the fact that the ceiling sloped from the sides to a point, the whole room being shaped exactly like a large wall-tent. Nine limestone blocks, roughly smoothed, formed either slant, and joined in a middle line like the ridge of a house, so that you felt as if the top of the pyramid must be only a little way above you. Indeed, Abdul Hadi, the chief climber, assured me that by this time we were nine-tenths of the way up, a statement to be taken with reserve. At any rate, we were up as far as we could get, and I looked the walls over for traces of previous visitors. There were a number dating back more than half a century, but no recent ones. Next I looked for some special feature, and once more found it in the floor formation. Here were eight granite rocks, each covering the entire width of the chamber, and four of them bulging up two or three feet above the others, with upper surfaces rounded like huge, gray trunks. Although regularly laid, they were more like boulders than blocks, and wide

cracks separated them above the joints. But the odd point was this, that at either end of the highest boulders were hollows like a horse's manger smoothly and deeply cut in the granite. Each one of these hollows would have held a bucket of water, and who it was that dug them out or what end they served are questions.

"Do you think there are more chambers above this one?" I asked.

"No, sair; no echo, no chambair. You hear?" Abdul shouted sharply, but the sound died away in a moment; no more reverberations like those below. Plainly our little exploration was over.

I was surprised to find the downward journey a tougher bit of travel than the ascent, something to be attempted with discretion, and not at all by the easy-chair athlete. To begin with, as you go from level to level, you see nothing beneath you but a black chasm and a section of slippery wall. The candle below is too far down to serve, and the one above merely drops grease on you. So about half the time you hang from hands and elbows, kicking about for a niche to put your toes in. Now as you dangle in a ticklish plight, the Arab calls out, "Let him go, sair," and in blind confidence you loose your hold, and land some feet below on a pile of dust. Finally come the ropes again and the ladder, the cries of "Mine a whood; butcher fhoot on whood!" and at last the welcoming "Bravos!" at the bottom. Now you understand why few tourists visit the Five Chambers. Yet you are glad you went, and offer liberal bakshish to all concerned in your safe hoisting and lowering. For my own part, I felt abundantly repaid: I had had an exciting adventure, and had got close to one of the world's greatest mysteries. Altogether, as I sat in comfort the next day at a Cairo hotel, I thought of Cheops with reverence and a certain affection, and I trust these feelings will stay with me always.

The Sphinx. The pyramid in the background is Chephren.

DAVID CROCKETT

AND THE MOST DESPERATE DEFENSE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

by Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "Colonial Fights and Fighters," "American Fights and Fighters," etc.

"Obscure as I am, my name is making a considerable deal of fuss in the world. I can't tell why it is, nor in what it is to end. Go where I will, everybody seems anxious to get a peep at me; and it would be hard to tell which would have the advantage if I and the 'Government'* and 'Black Hawk' and a great eternal big caravan of *wild varments* were all to be showed at the same time in four different parts of any of the big cities of the nation. I am not so sure that I shouldn't get the most custom of any of the crew."

A modest man was David, it would appear, and a confident author, too; witness this assertion:

"I don't know of anything in my book to be criticized by honorable men. Is it my spelling? That's not my trade. Is it my grammar? I hadn't time to learn it and make no pretension to it. Is it in the order and arrangement of my book? I never wrote one before and never read very many, and of course know mighty little about that. Will it be on authorship? This I claim, and I'll hang on to it like a wax plaster."

Evidently he considered grammar of no more account than spelling, and equally evidently the porous plaster had not been invented when he searched for a clinging simile.

There never was the slightest room for misunderstanding where Crockett was concerned. His character was plainness and simplicity itself. He usually hit the mark at which he aimed in life, whether with a rifle or not, so clearly and plainly that dispute was impossible. Even the "coon" up the tree, upon which he "drew a bead" with his famous weapon, the death-dealing "Betsy," at once recognized the futility of resistance, and, being for the nonce endowed with speech, with the famous remark, "Don't shoot, Colonel, I'll come down," gave up

* By the "Government" he means—and appropriately enough too—Andrew Jackson, the book being written while he was in Congress.

I.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

My Dog!

Andrew Jackson.

THAT is what, in emphatic language entirely consonant with his actions, David Crockett said he would never wear on his collar. And the doughty declaration of individual right following may be taken as indicating what David Crockett really was. It reads well in these days of the Boss and his Slaves.

"I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to be right, without the yoke of any party on me, or the driver at my heels with the whip in his hands, commanding me to 'Gee-whoa-haw' just at his pleasure."

The spelling of the paragraph is not that of its author. In his autobiography, one of the most naïve and delightful of books, he takes occasion to defend his orthography by remarking that he despised "the way of spelling contrary to nature!" It may be said, in passing, that many of his most eminent fellow citizens and contemporaries shared his contempt for the rules of orthography. In that book he speaks of himself with the utmost frankness; as, for instance:

the game. True, Crockett would not be Andrew Jackson's dog, and because he countered some of the President's plans he had to give way, as did nearly every one else in like circumstances. But nothing less than "Old Hickory"—better "Old Steel"—ever mastered or moved this redoubtable pioneer, unless it was a woman. His was a susceptible heart.

Nowhere but in America would such a career as Crockett's have been possible. With Jackson and Houston he represents a phase of American life, opportunity, and success peculiar to the time, and not to be repeated again. Though he was the least and humblest of the famous trio in both achievement and reputation, he was not unworthy of association with them. And upon the score of manly, lovable qualities he stood first of the three. His famous motto, which he earnestly strove to live up to, was of the very best:

"COLONEL BONHAM . . . BROKE THROUGH THE MEXICAN LINES."

"*Be sure you're right, then go ahead.*"

Crockett was born at Limestone, Greene County, Tennessee, on the 17th of August, 1786. His father was an Irish immigrant, who had fought in the Revolution at King's Mountain—a patent of nobility on the frontier, that—and his mother was an American girl. The combination is delightful and promising. His parents were poor, but happy, and therefore honest it may be inferred. Young David grew up in the wilds of Tennessee, a tall, sturdy, swarthy lad, with hair black and straight as an Indian's, and keen yet merry eyes to match. He took to the forest instinctively, loving it, mastering its hidden lore, knowing its secrets, and little else apparently.

At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a Dutch teamster, very much against his desire. After an enforced journey of four hundred miles to Virginia, he ran away; and not daring to follow the road, for fear of pursuit, he plunged into the wilderness, and made his way back home after a hazardous and wonderful journey alone through the trackless woods. He was thereafter sent to school, where he spent just four days. Having whipped a larger and older boy who attempted to tyrannize over him, he played truant to avoid punishment, and when detected, ran away again.

He spent some three years in teaming and nearly two years with a hatter—singularly inappropriate calling—and then returned home. He found his people in straitened financial circumstances, and generously worked a year to cancel two notes amounting to eighty-six dollars which a neighbor held against the elder Crockett. Thereafter he resolved to go to school. Love sent him there. The young girls of the vicinity scorned him for his ignorance, which, of books at any rate, was dense, not to say total. As he said long after:

"But it will be a source of astonishment to many who reflect that I am now a member of the American Congress—the most enlightened body of men in the

world—that at so advanced an age as the age of fifteen I did not know the first letter in the book."

He continued at school for six months, working two days a week for his board, and attending the sessions on the other four. And that completed his education. At the age of fifteen he "struck out" for himself and became a farm laborer, teamster, trapper, hunter, and general frontiersman. After various love affairs more or less serious, he married, in 1809, a young Irish girl, with whom he moved westward to Franklin County, and began housekeeping with "fifteen dollars' worth of things fixed up pretty grand." For six years the young couple were very happy. They had plenty to eat, largely the result of Crockett's skill with his rifle "Betsy"; enough to wear, the fruit of the young wife's loom; and they exemplified in their lives his saying, "For I reckon we love as hard in the backwoods as any people in the whole creation." The death of his first wife, in 1815, was a sad blow to him and his young children.

In 1813 Crockett served with credit as a scout under Jackson in the Creek War. In 1816 he married again, this time a widow. There were three sets of children, who lived together in an amicable if happy-go-lucky way. In 1821 he was elected a magistrate and a colonel of militia, although at the time, he says, he had never read a newspaper. Such was his popularity that he was successively elected to the State legislature and then to Congress, where he served two terms; his ignorance, his oddity, his humor, his bravery, and his shrewdness making him a figure of national prominence. Failing of reëlection because of his antagonism to the policy of his whilom friend Jackson, and finding any future political career in Tennessee closed to him, he determined, like many Southern men of that day, to go to Texas, then in the beginning of her efforts for freedom. There he hoped to make his fortune, and there he found his end. And truly nothing in his life became him better than the leaving of it!

II.

THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC.

By the treaty of 1819 with Spain the United States relinquished all claim to the western part of Louisiana, so called, lying south of the Red River and west of the Sabine, including the territory now comprised within the present State of Texas, then a part of the Viceroyalty of Mexico. In 1821 Mexico revolted from Spain, and in 1822 one Iturbide assumed the government and the imperial title. His career was brief but stirring, and in 1824 he was deposed and a constitution establishing the Republic of Mexico was adopted. Of this republic Texas, conjoined to Coahuila, its western neighbor, became one of the States.

The first American colony of any moment had been planted there in 1820, under the leadership of Stephen F. Austin, justly styled "The Father of Texas." Successive immigration from the Southern United States during fifteen years had brought the number of white Americans within the quarter million miles of Texas land up to twenty thousand, with a small but steadily increasing number of negro slaves. The Spanish or Mexican population was inconsiderable. The character of the American immigrants was not uniform. There were many insolvent debtors who had fled from their creditors in the States; broken shopkeepers, leaving the letters "G. T. T." (Gone to Texas) chalked upon their doors; not a few adventurers and soldiers of fortune; and, as everywhere, some scoundrels; but the general average of the American settlers was remarkably high. The majority were honest, capable, law-abiding, hard-working people of the middle class, the best stock out of which to build a nation. Accustomed to hunting and frontier life, they were bold and hardy, if reckless and impatient of discipline and restraint. All of them, like Crockett, were expert riflemen.

Meanwhile, the Mexican Government became the prize of a succession of worthless adventurers, using their opportunities for their own aggrandizement. Finally, in 1833, one Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna seized the Presidential office, abolished the Congress, and made himself Dictator. This petty "Napoleon of the West," as he loved to style himself, was as black-hearted a scoundrel as ever schemed himself into power. He was not without some of the qualities of a soldier, however, and he certainly knew how to win the confidence of his countrymen again and again, in spite of their frequent repudiations of him, in his long and eventful career. His oppressive hand was at once laid upon Texas, and because the Americans would not tamely submit to be deprived of every political right, by a series of drastic measures, which actually included the proposed confiscation of their arms, their sole

means of defense against Indians and the Mexicans themselves, they revolted. As a matter of fact, they were eager to do so.

The position of Mexico on the question of slavery was a great cause of irritation to the Texans. Slavery was prohibited by the Mexican Congress in 1824, and was formally abolished by the legislature, all Mexicans, in Texas-Coahuila, in 1829. The Americans refused to be governed by these enactments and prohibitions, and defiantly retained their slaves, even adding to their number by importation. This was flat and open rebellion, and was quite sufficient to account for the hostilities that followed. Mexico, however, might have cared but little about that matter if the colony had not rebelled against the wretched maladministration of the Mexicans, and because the Americans were practically refused even the smallest share of the government, in spite of the constitution. Besides, it is not the habit of Americans to submit to the domination of any alien race whatsoever, especially of the Spanish family. They could not stand the Spaniard in his Mexican or any other guise—that was enough to account for it.

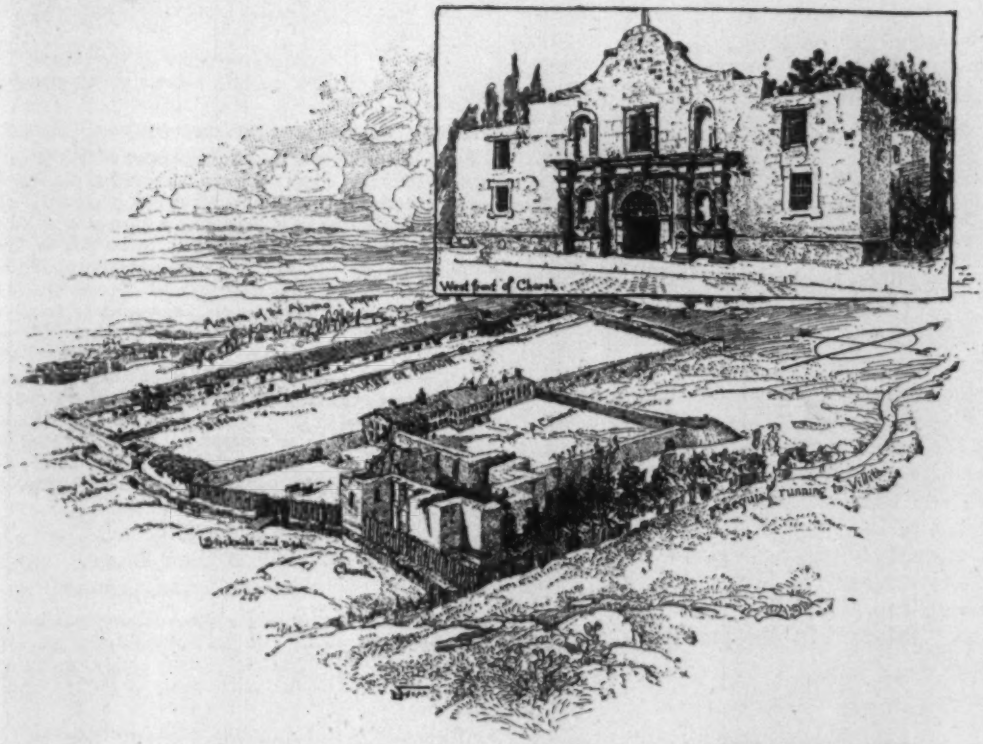
III.

THE ALAMO.

THE Texan War of Independence began with a skirmish at Gonzales on the 2d of October, 1835. A Texan declaration of principles was adopted November 13, 1835, and the Declaration of Independence on

THE DEATH OF BOWIE.

"SWINGING THIS IRON WAR CLUB HE STANDS AT BAY, DISDAINING SURRENDER."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MISSION OF THE ALAMO FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

Scene of the immortal defense of the hundred and eighty against the five thousand.

March 2d of the following year. The battle of Concepcion was won by the Texans on October 28, 1835; and on December 10th, after a siege and an assault which continued for six days, the city of San Antonio de Bexar, the most considerable town in Texas, was captured, and every Mexican soldier was expelled from the territory. Hard by the town stood the buildings of the Mission of San Antonio de Valero, commonly called the Mission del Alamo, or the Alamo, word signifying cottonwood tree. The Alamo was founded by the Franciscans in 1703, and, after various removals, established in its present location in 1722.

The mission buildings comprised a main plaza in the shape of a long parallelogram about fifty by a hundred and fifty yards, with the major axis north and south; the enclosing wall, built of adobe bricks, was about eight feet high and three feet thick. On the west side of the plaza stood a row of one-story buildings, and along the middle of the east side for about sixty yards was a two-story convent eighteen feet wide. To the east of the convent lay a yard about a hundred feet square, with walls over three feet thick and about sixteen feet high, further strengthened on the inside by an embankment eight feet high. At the northeast corner of this yard was a sally-port covered by an earth redoubt. At the southeast corner of the yard stood the stone church of the mission, built in the form of a cross, properly orientated; the walls of the church were five feet thick and twenty-two feet high, and the building was roofless and dismantled. A formidable stockade connected the church and the southeast corner of the main plaza. Fourteen small pieces of artillery were mounted on the walls, including three in the chancel of the church. Two aqueducts, touching the west wall and the church respectively, provided a sufficiency of water.

Early in 1836 the commander of this fort, if such the mission may be called, was Lieutenant-Colonel William Barrett Travis, a young lawyer from North Carolina, a tall, manly, red-headed young fighter, then just twenty-eight years of age. Associated with him in the Alamo was Colonel James Bowie of Georgia—he of the sinister knife of the same name. Bowie was senior in age and rank to Travis, but had been disabled by a fall, and was then confined to his room by

the injury, to which an attack of pleuro-pneumonia was superadded; and he was therefore compelled to yield the command to Travis. Bowie was not too ill to fight, though, as we shall see. Under these two officers were about one hundred and forty officers and men, a totally inadequate force, as it would have required at least one thousand men properly to man the extensive lines of the Alamo.

To this little band early in February, 1836, came a welcome reënforcement in the shape of David Crockett with twelve of his Tennessee friends and neighbors willing to help Texas to gain her independence, and incidentally to join in what they all dearly loved—any kind of a fight. They were all clad in hunting suits, with coonskin caps, and armed with long rifles and Bowie knives. It is significant of the spirit of the man that Crockett refused to swear allegiance to "any future government of Texas," until the word "republican" had been inserted after the word "future" in the prescribed form of the oath.

IV.

THE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY AGAINST THE FIVE THOUSAND.

On the 23d of February, 1836, Santa Anna in person appeared before the fort with the advance of his army and demanded its surrender. His arrival was a complete surprise to the Texans; many of them were scattered through the town at a fandango at the time. When the alarm was given, they repaired to the Alamo, and Travis met the demand for a surrender by a shot from his battery, at the same time hoisting his flag. This was the white, red, and green banner of the Mexican Republic, with two stars (Texas-Coahuila) in the center in place of the familiar eagle and serpent. The lone-star flag had not then been adopted.

Santa Anna displayed a red ensign signifying that no quarter would be given, and began erecting batteries with which he opened fire, the Texans replying with good effect. The Mexicans, while greatly outnumbering the garrison, were not yet in sufficient force completely to invest the works, although their numbers were increasing as the different regiments followed the advance guard, and the Texans might easily have escaped. Travis, however, had no thought of retreating—not he. He immediately dispatched the following appeal for assistance:

To the people of Texas and all Americans in the World.

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO,
BEXAR, *February* 24, 1836.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS:

I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon-shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call upon you, in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving reënforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier, who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country.

Victory or Death!

W. BARRETT TRAVIS,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

P. S.—The Lord is on our side. When the army appeared in sight, we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses eighty or ninety bushels and got into the walls twenty or thirty beeves.

Brave Travis! Other ringing sentences from his subsequent letters are worth quoting:

"I shall continue to hold the Alamo until I get relief from my countrymen or I perish in its defense."

"Take care of my little boy. If the country should be saved, I may make him a splendid fortune; but if the country should be lost and I should perish, he would have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

The thought of that little boy adds a touch of pathos to the story of the dauntless cavalier and his devoted band facing fearful odds "for liberty and honor, God and Texas, victory or death!"

Travis also dispatched messengers invoking assistance from adjacent garrisons. Colonel James Butler Bonham, a young South Carolina volunteer, broke through the Mexican lines and rode post-haste to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, some two hundred miles to the southeast. Fannin promptly started out with three hundred men and four guns; but his ammunition wagons broke down, his transportation failed him, his provisions gave out, he could not get his artillery over the rivers, and he was reluctantly forced to turn back. He tried in vain to keep Bonham with him. "I will report to Travis or die in the attempt," returned the chivalric Carolinian as he started back to the fort. At one o'clock

in the morning of March 3d he succeeded in reaching the fort through the beleaguering army, after a long and dangerous ride, in which he literally took his life in his hands. So far as any one could see, he came back to certain death with his friends. Honor to him! Travis had received a valuable reënforcement of thirty-two heroic fellows from Gonzales, who dashed through the lines on horses, cutting their way into the Alamo at three in the morning of March 1st. Captain J. W. Smith led them, and they came cheerfully, although they divined what their fate would be if the place was stormed.

For eleven days the siege continued. The Mexicans lost heavily whenever they came within rifle range; on one occasion they tried to bridge the aqueduct, and thirty of them were instantly killed. Sorties were made by the besieged at first, but were soon given over. The bombardment of the works was continuous, but, strange to say, no Texan was killed, although the whole garrison was completely worn out by the strain of ceaseless watching and continual fighting. There is no question but they could have cut their way out and escaped at almost any time, but no one dreamed of such a thing. They were there to stay until the end, whatever it might be.

Santa Anna would undoubtedly get the fort eventually; well, he might have it by paying the price; so they reasoned, but that price would be one, in the words of a later revolutionist, that would "stagger humanity." Knowing Santa Anna, they could have no doubt of his intentions toward them, especially as he had made no secret of his purpose to put them all to death unless they surrendered at discretion. The calm courage with which they faced this appalling certainty is as noteworthy as the high heroism of their last defense.

The last of Santa Anna's army arrived at Bexar on the 2d of March. He allowed them three days for recuperation, and on the fifth held a council of war to decide upon the course to be pursued. The council, like every other, was divided, with a preponderance of opinion in favor of waiting for siege guns to breach or batter down the walls. Santa Anna, however, determined upon an immediate assault, to be delivered at daybreak the next morning. Twenty-five hundred picked men, in four columns, commanded respectively by General Cos, who violated his parole thereby, and Colonels Duque, Romero, and Morales, were detailed to make the attack. They were provided with scaling ladders, axes, and crowbars, in addition to their weapons; and the cavalry of the army was disposed at strategic points to prevent escape should any of the hundred and eighty defenders succeed in breaking through the assaulting columns. Or, possibly, their function was to cut down any panic-stricken Mexican who might wish to withdraw from before the death-dealing Texan rifles.

Colonel Duque was to lead the main assault on the north side, while a simultaneous attack was to be made on the east and west sides, and at the redoubt covering the sally-port from the convent yard. No attack appears to have been contemplated on the stockade or the south wall at first. Accounts of what happened differ widely; it is to be remembered that no American lived to tell the tale, and it is hard to get at the absolute truth from Mexican testimony and the frightened recollection of two dazed women and two servants. Each narrator must build his own account by considering all the testimony and weighing the evidence. This that follows seems to me to be what happened.

About four o'clock on Sunday morning, March the 6th, the notes of a bugle calling the Mexican troops to arms rang over the quiet plain, across which the first gray light, precursor of the dawn, was already stealing. Bugles all about caught up the shrill refrain; lights appeared in the circling camps; the trampling feet of hurrying men, the commands of the officers, the rattling of arms, the neighing of the horses, all apprised the weary garrison that the moment they had expected was at hand. They were instantly assembled. What happened as they fell in on the plaza before they went to their several stations? Tradition has it that Travis paraded them, briefly addressed them, pointed out their certain fate, as he had sworn never to surrender, and bade any who desired to do so to leave him freely and escape while there was yet time. Not a man availed himself of the permission. "We will stay and die with you," they cried unanimously as they repaired to their stations on the outer wall. Cool, calm, and resolute, they waited the breaking of the battle storm; undaunted by the prospect, unshaken by the fearful odds before them. America had produced no better soldiers. Even the dozen sick men in the long room of the hospital with Bowie were provided with arms, of which, fortunately, they had a good supply, and they, too, shared the same heroic reso-

lution. Ill and well were equally determined. It was early morning when all the dispositions were made on both sides, and the day was breaking clear, cool, and beautiful—a sweet day, indeed, in which to die for home and country and liberty, in the great cause of human freedom, so they may have thought as they looked toward the eastward light for the last time. The quiet watchers on the walls presently detected movements in the dark ranks of the besiegers. They were coming, then. Music, too, was there. All the bands of the Mexican army stationed with Santa Anna on the battery in front of the plaza were playing a ghastly air called "Deguello"—cutthroat!—that and the red flag speaking of no quarter pointed out a deadly purpose. Well, the Texans needed none of these things to nerve their arms. Rifles were lifted and sighted, the lock-strings of the carefully pointed cannon were tightened. They could not afford to throw away any shots; there was no hurry, no confusion.

The Mexicans were nearer now. The bugles rang charge, the close-ordered ranks broke into a run. From the east, the west, the north, they came, cheering and yelling madly. A shot burst from the plaza, the crack of the rifles broke on the air, a fusillade ran along the walls on every side. The cannon roared out, hurling into the faces of the Mexicans bags filled with hideous missiles. The advancing lines hesitated, paused, halted, fled. The first assault was beaten off, the ground was covered with dead and wounded; comparative stillness supervened. Well done, brave Texans! Look to your arms again, snatch a cup of water, enjoy your moment of respite; they are coming again.

The east and west columns had been driven to the north. Colonel Duque, gallant soul, reformed them on his own brigade; there was a small breach in the north wall; he hurled the mass at it, himself in the lead. The Americans ran to the point threatened; again the withering rifle fire. Duque fell, desperately wounded; mortal man could not face that deadly discharge; the soldiers gave way once more, repulsed a second time. Would they dare come over again?

Far off on the east side the roar of battle still surged around the redoubt covering the convent yard. How went the battle there? thought the triumphant defenders of the plaza as they gazed on their flying foemen. It was a critical moment for the Mexicans. Santa Anna recognized it, galloped on the field, leading a reënforcement. He noted that the west wall had been denuded of most of its defenders, and with soldierly decision threw his fresh troops against it, leading them in person some accounts say.* Oh, for a thousand brave hearts and true to man the long lines! The hundred and eighty could not be everywhere; the few at the point of impact died, and the Mexicans entered the plaza at last.

At the same time the officers drove the men up to the third assault on the north wall. Under the eye of Santa Anna they advanced for a last desperate attempt. Honor to those Mexicans for their bravery, too. In this attack a bullet pierces Travis's brain—the little boy has only the heritage of an honored and heroic name then—he falls dead on the trail of a cannon. Bonham is killed serving a gun, the north wall is taken, the redoubt to the east is gained, the stockade is attacked; other soldiers swarm up to the south wall, break through the gate, they come in on every side. The Texans are surrounded by fire and steel. Some of them run back while there is yet time and rally in the convent where Bowie lies. Others follow Crockett, now in chief command, to the church to die with him there. The whole Mexican army is upon them now, the nine score against the five thousand at last.

The old convent is divided into little cell-like rooms, each with a door opening into the yard or plaza, but with no connection between the rooms. A few Texans hold each chamber, and into each smoke-filled enclosure the infuriated troops pour their gun fire and then rush the rooms, to writhe and struggle over the bloody pavements until all the defenders are killed. No quarter indeed.

What of the invalids in the hospital, fighting from their beds? Forty Mexicans fall dead before the door of the long room before they think to bring a cannon and blow the defenders into eternity. Bowie lies alone in his room, waiting with grim resolution for what is coming, pain from injuries forgotten, fevered pulse beating higher; his bed is covered with pistols, and near his hand lies his trusty knife. A brown, fierce face peers in the door; another and another; the room is filled with smoke; yells and curses and groans rise from the floor, where a trail of stricken soldiers reaches from the door to the bedside. And one bolder than his fellows lies on Bowie's breast, with that awful American knife buried deep in his

* I think this hardly probable.

heart, and Bowie has died as he had lived—sword in hand.

The only fight left now is in the churchyard. A little handful, bloody, powder-stained, desperate, are backed up against the wall. It is hand-to-hand work now on both sides, no time to reload, bayonet thrust against rifle-butt in Berserker fury. Hope is lost, but they are dying in high fashion, faces to the foe, striking while they have a heart-beat left. "Fire the magazine," says Crockett to Major Evans, the only remaining officer. The man runs toward the church where the powder is stored, and is stricken down on the threshold. The Mexicans rush upon Crockett and his remnant. The keen, death-dealing "Betsy" has spoken for the last time; the old frontiersman has it clasped by the barrel now. Swinging this iron war club he stands at bay, disdaining surrender. The Mexicans are piled before him in heaps, but numbers tell. They swarm about him; they leap upon him like hounds upon a great stag; they pull him down, bury their bayonets in his great heart, spurn him, trample upon him, spit upon him—so he makes a fine end.

It is over. Gunner Walker, the last man in arms, is shot and stabbed, tossed aloft on bayonets in fact. The flag is down. No one is left to defend it longer. Five wounded, helpless prisoners are dragged before Santa Anna, and at his command butchered where they lie, or stand, some of the Mexican officers—to their credit be it said—vainly protesting. Six people who were in the fort at the beginning were left alive by the Mexicans—two women, two children, and two servants—one a negro slave, the other a Mexican.

One hour! One short hour filled with such sublime struggle as has not been witnessed often in the brief compass of sixty minutes. The sun is shining. The plaza is filled with light—the light of morning, the light of heroic death, of self-sacrifice absolute—and the day breaks, a day of eternal remembrance. Wherever men live to love the hero, these will not be forgotten. By the defense of that old deserted Spanish house of prayer it was consecrated anew to the service of God, through the sufferings of men. Their sacrifice had not been in vain, for the cry that swept Texas to freedom, that drove the Mexican beyond the Rio Grande, was

"*Remember the Alamo!*"

One scene remains of the splendid story. By Santa Anna's orders the dead Texans to the number of one hundred and eighty-two were gathered together and arranged in a huge pyramid, a layer of wood, a layer of dead, and so on, and the torch applied—a not unfitting end. As the dead demigod of heroic days was laid upon his funeral pyre, as the dead Viking of later time was burned with his ship, so these modern heroes. The wind scattered their ashes on the spot their defense had immortalized, and made it forever hallowed ground.

The hundred and eighty had done well; each one had accounted for more than four of the enemy, for the Spanish casualties are estimated as between six hundred and a thousand; and most was in hand-to-hand fighting. The Texan-Americans had done their best and given their all. Honor to their valor and their courage!

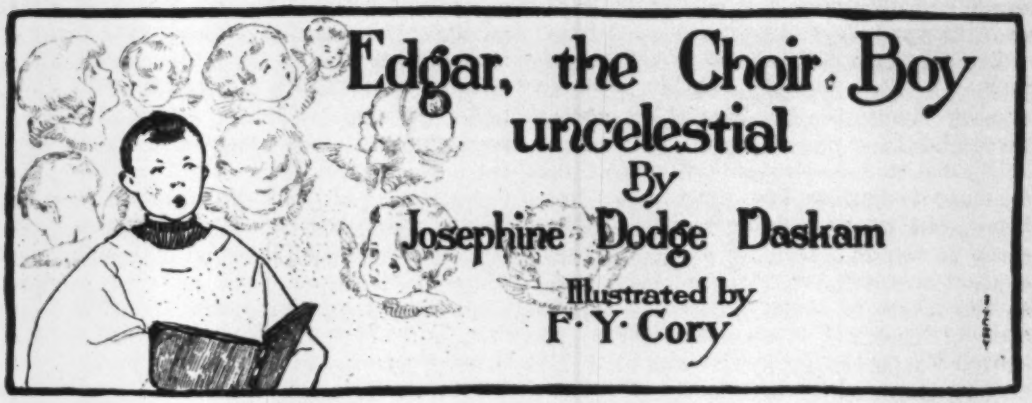
On the monument erected where they fell, to commemorate their unparalleled achievement, is graven this significant line:

"*Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, the Alamo had none.*"

INDIVIDUALISM.

By William H. Hayne.

Each man, a world—to other worlds half known—
Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
To brother planets that revolve with him.



Edgar, the Choir Boy uncelestial

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Illustrated by F. Y. Cory

YOU all know how they look in the pictures—enlarged photogravures, mostly; they have appealing violet eyes and drooping mouths and oval faces. They tip their heads back and to the side, and there is usually a broad beam of light falling across their little official nighties. People frame them in Flemish oak and hang them over the piano, and little girls long to resemble them.

But Edgar was not that kind. So greatly did he differ, in fact, that even the choirmaster, who ought to have known better, was deceived, and discovered him with difficulty. When that gentleman confronted them in the parish house, a mob of suspicious little boys, shoving, growling, snickering, and otherwise fulfilling their natures, he promptly selected Tim Mullaly, who possessed to an amazing degree the violet eyes and the drooping mouth and the oval face, as his first soprano. The choirmaster was young in years and his profession.

"But Tim refused to sing the scale alone."

But Tim refused to sing the scale alone, and as the others scorned to accompany him in this exercise, Mr. Fellowes, determinedly patient, suggested in the hilarious "come-on-boys!" fashion consecrated to childhood by adults, that they should all join in some popular melody, to limber them up and dispel their uneasiness.

"What shall we sing?" he called out breezily, from the piano-stool, faintly indicating a "rag-time" rhythm with his left hand, still facing them as he searched the forbidding countenances before him for a gleam of friendship.

After all, they were human boys, and they could all sing after a fashion, or they would not have been induced, by relatives who had read the qualifications for choir membership, to attend this trying function.

"'Hot time'!" burst from one of the youngsters.

"All right!" and the inviting melody drew them in; soon they were shouting lustily. Raucous altos, nasal sopranos, fatal attempts to compass a bass—at any rate, they were started. The verse was over, the chorus had begun, when a sudden sound sent the choirmaster's heart to his throat, his hands left the keys. Into the medley of coarse, boyish shouting dropped a silvery thread of purest song, a very bird-note. For a moment it flowed on the level of the chorus, then suddenly, with an indescribable leap, a slurring rush, it rose to an octave above and led them all. The choirmaster twirled around on the stool.

"Who's that? Which boy is singing up

there?" he demanded excitedly. There was no reply. They grinned consciously at each other; one could imagine them all guilty.

"Come, come, boys! Don't be silly—who was it?"

Silence, of the most sepulchral sort. Mr. Fellowes shrugged his shoulders, swung round again, and started the second verse. They dashed through it noisily; he picked out here and there a sweet little treble, one real alto. But his ears were pricked for something better, and presently it came. The rhythm was too enticing.

"*Please, oh, please, oh, don't you let me fall—*"

"By George, he's a human blackbird!"

"*You're all mine, an' I love you best of all.*"

"That's high C!"

"*An' you mus' be my man, 'r I'll have no man at all—*"

The choirmaster burst into a joyous if somewhat reedy tenor.

"*There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!*"

He whirled about, still singing, and caught the ecstatic, dreamy gaze of Tim Mullaly.

"It's you!" he cried, pouncing on him. Tim giggled feebly.

"Yessir," he said.

"Now sing this scale, and I'll give you five cents."

An envious sigh quavered through the parish hall.

Tim threw back his head and opened his drooping mouth.

"*Do, re*——"

There was a flash of blue gingham, a snarl of rage, a sound as of fifty pounds of small boy suddenly seated on the floor.

"Where's yer fi' cents?" a new voice inquired easily.

The choirmaster perceived with amazement that the owner of the voice, a freckled boy with an excessively *retroussé* nose, was sitting on the prostrate Tim.

"What is the meaning of this? Get up!" he said sternly. "What's your name? I can't have any of this sort of thing in my choir!"

The freckled boy did not rise. In fact, he seated himself more comfortably on Master Mullaly, and demanded again:

"Where's yer fi' cents?"

The choirmaster stepped forward and seized the offender's collar. As his fingers tightened, the captive burst into the chorus of the moment before—it was the blackbird voice! So obstinate was the choirmaster's first impression that he looked instinctively at the fallen Tim to catch the notes, but Tim was struggling meekly but firmly for breath, and this free trilling came from above him. The choirmaster relaxed his hold.

"It was you all the time!" he said in a stupor of surprise.

"Yep," replied the singer, "it was me. Did yer think it was him?" with a slight jounce to indicate his victim.

"'*Where's yer fi' cents?*'"

"Get up, won't you, and sing me something else," the choirmaster urged. The boy rose promptly.

"What'll I sing?" he returned amicably. There had been a different tone in the choirmaster's voice.

"Happy Home! Happy Home!" the crowd demanded. They had stood to one side in the most neutral manner during the brief struggle that had laid Tim low, and listened respectfully to the brief colloquy that followed. It was evident that past experience had suggested this attitude on their part.

The choirmaster looked relieved. He had no narrow prejudices, but he realized that a hymn like "My Happy Home" comes with good effect from the parish-hall windows.

"Where's your mouth organ?" demanded the freckled one of a larger boy in the crowd. The latter promptly produced the instrument in question, cuddled it in both hands a moment after the fashion of the virtuoso, and drew forth the jerky and complex series of strains peculiar to it. It was evidently a prelude—a tune vaguely familiar to the choirmaster. Suddenly the boy's voice burst into this somber background:

"*I'd leave my yappy yome fer you,*
Oo-oo-oo-oo!"

The choirmaster sighed ecstatically. A voice so tender, so soft, so rich in appealing inflections he had never heard. The repeated vowels cooed, they caressed, they allured.

" You're the nices' man n' I ever knoo, Oo-oo-oo-oo!"

" 'I'd leave my yappy yome fer you, Oo-oo-oo-oo!'"

If you remember how Madame Melba cooes, "Edgardo! Edgardo-o-o!" when she sings the mad scene from "Lucia," you will have an idea of the liquid, slipping notes of that snub-nosed, freckled boy.

"What's your name?" asked the choirmaster respectfully.

It appeared at first to be Egg-nog, but resolved into Edgar Ogden under careful cross-examination, and its owner agreed to attend three weekly rehearsals and two Sunday services for the princely salary of twenty-five cents a week, the same to be increased in proportion to his progress.

Subsequent efforts proved that it was utterly hopeless to attempt to teach him to read music. When Tim Mullaly and the stupidest alto in the United States—as the choirmaster assured him—could stumble through what was considerately known as a duet at sight, and that was the work of many months, Edgar was still learning his solos by ear. It was wasted effort to insist, and the choirmaster spent long hours and nearly wore his forefinger to the bone, fixing in his pupil's mind the succession of notes in anthems and *Te Deums*. Once learned, however, he never forgot them, and Mr. Fellowes thrilled with pride as the silver stream of his voice flowed higher, higher, above the organ, beyond the choir at his side, till the people in the church sighed and craned their necks to look at the wonderful boy.

As a matter of fact, they looked, most of them, at Tim Mullaly, who, fresh from his Saturday bath, in his little cassock and cotta, realized the dreams of the most exigent lithographer. He stood next to Edgar, and owing to a certain weakness of mind invariably followed with his lips the entire libretto, so to speak, of the work in hand. As his appealing expression and violet eyes were undetachable, he had all the effect of the soloist, and received most of the credit from that vast majority who fail to distinguish one little boy, like one Chinaman, from another, unless he possesses some such salient feature as Tim's pleading gaze.

This little misapprehension was mercifully unsuspected by Edgar, otherwise it is to be feared that the services of a physician would have been required in the Mullaly household. Not that Edgar had any professional pride in his voice. He possessed, according to his own ideas, many more valuable and decorative qualities. His power of song was entirely hereditary, and came to him from his father, who was of English descent. The elder Mr. Ogden, whom rumor reported to run frequent risks of being bitten like a serpent and stung like an adder at the last, had mounted to a dizzy height in the Knights of Pythias entirely through his voice, a sweet and powerful tenor, and was accustomed to spend the greater part of his time in committing to memory and practising dramatic songs of a highly moral variety with choruses on this order:

" 'You lie! I saw you steal that ace!'
A crashing blow right in the face—
A pistol shot and death's disgrace
Was in that pack of cards!"

At the proper point, a friend in another room would shoot off a blank cartridge to a stormy accompaniment on the Pythian piano, and the Knights would become so appreciative that the soloist, to borrow a classical phrase, rarely got home until morning. What time Mr. Ogden found himself able to spare from getting up his repertoire was judiciously

" As a matter of fact, they looked, most of them, at Tim."

employed in borrowing money for the purchase of new articles of regalia, for with the Pythians to rise was to shine.

His elder son Samuel, familiarly known as Squealer, inherited both his father's tendencies, and was in great demand among the saloons and pool-rooms, where he sang ballads of a tender and moral nature, dealing mostly with the Home, and the sanctity of the family relation in general. One of these in especial, in which Squealer assumed a hortatory attitude and besought an imaginary parent to "take her back, Dad," adding in a melting baritone,

"Shiny storm rubbers were urged upon the artist's reluctant feet."

"She's my mother and your wife!"

so affected a certain pool-room *habitué*, whose habit of chasing his family through the tenement with a carving-knife had led them to move out of town, that he had been known to lay his head on the neighboring bar and weep audibly.

It was a moot point among his friends as to which was Squealer's real *chef-d'œuvre*, the song just mentioned or another which ran,

"You'll only have one mother, boy,
You can't treat her too well!"

Very often, after singing this, Squealer would become too affected to endure the thought of what the song described as "the old home, empty now," and would repair to some scene which drew less heavily on the emotions, thus assuring a sleepless if wrathful night to Mrs. Ogden, and fluent altercation on his return to the old home.

Mrs. Ogden was not musical herself, and devoted most of her energies to fine laundry work, a less emotional but more lucrative occupation. Edgar's professional duties interested her chiefly by reason of the weekly salary, now grown to fifty cents, of which one-tenth was allowed him for his private purse, the remainder being applied to the very obvious necessities of the household. His consequent position as wage-earner was firmly established, and his mother, though she cherished a natural contempt for the mental caliber of any young man who considered Edgar's voice worth fifty cents a week, saw to it that so remunerative an organ received all the consideration it deserved.

To Mr. Ogden's undisguised horror, two new suits of under flannels were purchased at the beginning of the winter, and shiny storm rubbers were urged upon the artist's reluctant feet on every slushy day. The most unconvincing cough was rewarded with black licorice, purchased from the general household fund, and when Edgar had the measles, the Prince of Wales, to use Mr. Ogden's irritated phrase, might have been glad to taste the mutton broth and cocoa that fattened that impident kid.

Nor was her system limited to this soft indulgence, as the occasion of one of the choirmaster's visits proved. Fearful lest the purpose of his call should become evident too abruptly, he began by one of his customary eulogies of his first soprano's voice. She received his enthusiasms coldly, indicated forcibly her own lack of musical ability, and boasted, with a pride inexplicable to one who has not been accustomed to consider this gift synonymous with penitentiary qualifications, that she could not carry a tune. On his mentioning somewhat diffidently that Edgar's fines for tardiness, absence, etc., must in the nature of things make appreciable inroads upon his salary, the interview assumed a different aspect.

Wiping her hands on her apron, Mrs. Og-

den assured the choirmaster that if Edgar wasn't earning his wages she'd attend to that part of it, all right. So intent was her expression that he felt obliged to put in a plea for gentleness, on the ground that such a delicate mechanism as the human throat could not be too carefully treated. Mrs. Ogden assured him

"She was not in the habit of applying her disciplinary measures to the throat."

that she was not in the habit of applying her disciplinary measures to the throat, and the audience was at an end. The day happened to be Saturday, and at the evening rehearsal it seemed to the choirmaster that things had never gone so smoothly. After all, he thought, it needed a mother to reason with the boys—he had made several calls of the same nature that week—a mother knew best how to influence them. And he was abundantly justified in his conclusions.

On Sunday afternoon Edgar marched into the church, impassive and uninteresting to the outward vision, with Tim behind him, rapt and effective. Edgar stared vacantly into space, his feet marked the time at the proper distance from the crucifer, a mild and stolid youth, who could never understand why it was that just as he turned the corner and began to climb the steps to the choir-stalls his cassock should suddenly tighten below the knees and almost throw him. Edgar's partner in the column could have informed him, but prudence rendered him uncommunicative.

"The brightest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!"

Edgar's brows met, he took a longer stride in reaching for his B flat, and the crucifer grasped his pole nervously and broke step a moment—his cassock had caught again.

"How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!"

"He sings like an angel," the rector mused. "How clumsy that Waters boy is!"

Once through with the Psalter, which he loathed because he was not always certain of his pointing, and could not endure Tim's look of horror at his occasional slips, Edgar, having hunched his shoulders at just the angle to prevent the tenor behind him from looking across into the transept, and ostentatiously opened his service at the *Nunc dimittis*, so that Tim might by his innocent nudging and indications of his own *Magnificat* page call a frown and a fine from the choirmaster, devoted himself to a study of the rose-window over the transept. The decoration of this window was a standing subject of quarrel between him and the first alto, Howard Potter. Edgar had advanced the somewhat untenable proposition that the various figures in the stained-glass windows represented the successive rectors and choirmasters of St. Mark's. Howard had objected that the dedications under the windows referred (as he had discovered by adroit questions that gave his informants no idea whatever of what he was driving at) to persons who had never held office of any kind in the church. Edgar had then fallen back on the theory that the figures were portraits of the persons whom the windows commemorated. Howard triumphantly queried why, then, should the legend, "Sacred to the memory of Walter, beloved husband of Mary Bird Ferris," appear under a tall woman in dark green glass with a most feminine amount of hair and a long red sash? Edgar was staggered, but suddenly recalled his father's glowing account of a costume ball given by the Knights of Pythias, in which many of the Knights appeared in women's clothes, one in particular, the proprietor of a fish market, having rented a

long and flowing wig the better to deceive his fellow-Knights and their delighted guests. This had impressed Edgar as intensely humorous; he greatly enjoyed picturing the scene to his imagination, and he strengthened his wavering infallibility by declaring that the beloved husband of Mary Bird Ferris was beyond doubt a Pythian in costume.

This had silenced Howard for a week, but one afternoon at Evensong, just before the electric bell sounded in the robing-room to summon them to the hall, he had rapidly inquired in a hissing whisper, "Who that white puppy carryin' the flag in the round window on the side, where the bird was, was a picture of?"

The bird was the lectern-eagle, and neither of the antagonists had ever seen a lamb. Edgar had recognized the fact that it was a poorly drawn puppy, and he did not believe that it could possibly have balanced in one crooked-up knee and at that perilous angle any such banner as the artist had given it. It was also crushingly apparent to him that no Knight of Pythias, with all the assistance in the world, could transform himself into such a woolly, curly, four-legged object as that.

Then why should the brass plate beneath it declare that this rose-window was placed in "loving memory of Alice Helen Worden, who departed this life June nineteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety"? That was no name for a puppy, to begin wjth. The whole affair irritated Edgar exceedingly. He saw no explanation whatever. He perceived that he should have to fight the first alto. This was not only a great responsibility in itself, but the necessity of evading the parental eye added to the nervous strain, and the consciousness that on this particular Sunday afternoon Mr. Ogden occupied one of the rear pews, with the idea of seeing how he behaved during service, and subsequently accompanying him home, so weighed upon the spirits of the first soprano that William Waters accomplished the steps, in the Recessional, without a stumble.

Throughout the service Edgar was as one in a dream. His vision was turned inward, and he even forgot his effective trick of frightening the choirmaster into cold chills by looking vacantly uncertain of the proper moment to take up the choir's share of the responses. The fact that he invariably came in at the precise beat had never fortified Mr. Fellowes against that nervous shudder as he saw his first soprano's mouth open hesitatingly two seconds before the time. To-day he was spared all anxiety. Edgar's voice and Tim's eyes were the perfection of tuneful devotion.

"*And blèss thine in-hèr-i-tànce!*"

they implored softly. Neither of them had the remotest idea what inheritance meant—they would have besought as willingly a blessing for irrelevance or inelegance; but to the assistant clergyman, whose nervous scratching of his nose, while waiting for the alms-basin to reach him, was to Edgar and Tim as definite and eagerly awaited a part of the service as any other detail, the slow-syllabled Gregorian cadence brought the word in a sudden new light and he made it the text for a sermon so successful as to get him, a little later, a parish of his own. This leads us to many interesting conclusions, musical and other.

The rector noticed with pleasure the seedy-looking man in the back of the church: he was just then smarting a little under the accusation of "aristocratic tendencies"—a body of conservatives had never approved of the boy-choir. He hoped to get the man into the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, if he were allied to no other organization.

Mr. Ogden, as we know, was on business of his own—business that kept him glaring fixedly in the rector's direction, which encouraged that good man still further. It is to be doubted if the Brotherhood would have appealed to him, however. Not that he would have been hindered by any narrow sectarian tendencies. Mrs. Ogden, who did up the shirt-waists of the Presbyterian minister's daughter, was by her presented regularly with a missionary bank in the form of a *papier-maché* cottage with a chimney imitating red brick; and Edgar, employing a Napoleonic strategy, triumphantly attended the Methodist Christmas festivals and the Baptist Sunday-school picnics, the latter society offering a merry-go-round on a larger scale, the former providing the infant faithful with more practicable presents and larger

"*A mild and stolid youth.*"

candy-bags. Squealer, moreover, had sung "The Holy City" more than once for the Congregational Christian Endeavor Society, so that Mr. Ogden felt, with a certain justice, that his church connection did him credit on the whole, and excused himself from any undue energy in that direction.

He watched his son keenly, but Edgar's ecclesiastical demeanor was without a flaw. Moreover, his plans were gradually maturing. He sang *Amen* at proper intervals and by a process of unconscious cerebration managed to get between the organist and the tenor, who depended on Mr. Fellowes to mark the time for him with his left hand, and in consequence of being unable to see him, bungled his offertory solo; but his thoughts were otherwhere. He had decided to slip out of the south transept door, thus eluding parental pursuit, and fight Howard Potter in his own back yard before he slept. He would practise upon his victim a recent scientific acquisition proudly styled by him "the uppercut," which he had learned from an acquaintance at the cost of ten cents and three sugar-cookies.

"'*Who that white puppy carryin' the flag . . . was.*'"

At this point the anthem-prelude drew him to his feet. He saved his voice, according to directions, for his solo, and in the waiting hush every word flowed, soft and pure, to the end of the church.

"*Mercy and truth, mercy and truth, mercy—*" Ah, that exquisite soft swoop downward! The organ rippled on contentedly, a continuation of Edgar's flutelike tones—"*and truth are me-et together!*" There was all the richness of a woman's voice, all the passionless clearness of a boy's, all the morning-innocence of a child's.

It occurred to him suddenly that the north transept would be safer—it was on the side farthest from home.

"*Righteousness and peace, righteousness and peace have kissèd each other!*"

He wondered if Howard had learned the upper-cut since their last encounter.

Tim's face was as the face of an angel; a long slanting ray from the rose-window fell across his curls.

"*Have kissèd each other,*" Edgar sighed softly. "*Have kissèd each other*"—the caressing tones melted into the organ's, whispered once more, "*each other,*" and died lingeringly. A long breath, an audible "Ah-h-h!" drifted through the church. The choirmaster kicked his feet together under the organ for joy. He little knew that at that very moment the future of his vested choir was swinging lightly in the balance.

But such was the fact. Fate, who links together events seemingly isolated, smoothed Edgar's way to his fight, but allowed him to be beaten. If this had not happened, his wrath would not have vented itself in hectoring a bad-tempered bass at the Wednesday rehearsal, by scampering in front of him and mimicking with wonderful accuracy his gruff, staccato voice.

"*He taketh up the isles—as a ver-ry—little thing!*" mocked Edgar.

"Shut up!" growled the bass.

"*A ver-ry lit-tle thing!*" Edgar continued malignantly, slipping across his victim's path.

"Oh, all right, young feller!" called the bass, enraged at the grins and applause of the other men, "all right! Just you wait till Sunday, that's all!" If Edgar had not teased him so, he would not have added: "I know what'll happen then, if you don't."

"What?" Edgar inquired derisively, catching up with him.

"You're going to be bounced, that's what," said the bass irritably.

"Aw, come off! I ain't either!"

"Well, you ought to be, the whole pack of you," the bass continued decidedly. "Bag and baggage! And a good riddance,

too. No choir-boy camping-out *this* summer!"

Edgar dropped behind and mused. "Who told yer?" he called.

"Ask Fellowes—and if he don't lick you, I will!" retorted the bass, making a quick grab, which Edgar easily evaded.

He summoned his mates immediately; the question was laid before them. Had they heard that they were to be bounced? Did they believe that the two weeks' camping-out, the object of all their endurance and loyalty, the prize of their high calling, was to be discontinued? Tim was deputed to inquire on Saturday afternoon. He returned disconsolate; they shoved each other significantly.

"'*Well, I bet he don't bounce me!*'"

"What'd he say? What'd he say?"

"He says mos' prob'ly not. Says it costs too much. Says maybe a picnic——"

"Aw! old chump! Goin' to bounce us, too?"

"I dunno. I guess so. I didn't ask him that. I just says to him, 'Aw, say, Mr. Fellowes, ain't us boys goin' campin'?'

"'*You're going to be bounced, that's what.*'"

An' he says, 'I guess not this year, Tim, mos' prob'ly. Maybe a picnic'——"

"Well, I bet he don't bounce me! I betcher that, I betcher, now!"

Edgar strutted before them. They regarded him with interest.

"Whatcher goin' to do?" they asked respectfully.

"What'll I do? I'll—I'll bounce myself!" he called over his shoulder, as he strode home.

His moody air during supper convinced Mr. Ogden that something was up. Ever since he had discovered Edgar's demand for an additional ten cents a Sunday, on the ground that his mother thought him worth more, and his later daring strike for five cents further salary, which the choirmaster had innocently considered abundantly justified and paid out of his own pocket, Mr. Ogden, who, having heard rumors of wild dissipations in the peanut and rootbeer line, had pounced upon his son returning plethoric from pay day, and promptly annexed the extra fifteen cents, was convinced of the necessity of surveillance for this wily wage-earner, and formed the habit of escorting him regularly on pay nights, alone at first, later assisted by Mrs. Ogden, who accompanied the family group as a self-constituted and final auditor. It has frequently been remarked that a great grief may bind together once disunited members of a family; it is extremely improbable that any affliction whatever could have produced among the Ogdens such a gratifying *esprit de corps* as resulted from their unfeigned interest in pay day. But when Mr. Ogden had shadowed his son to no more secluded and dangerous a spot than the church-yard, and saw him in earnest conclave with his attentive mates, he went, relieved, about his own business, reassured by the words "campin' out" and "Sunday afternoon," that he caught from behind a convenient tombstone. He was utterly unconscious that the scene he had left was far more menacing to his household than even the most disfiguring fight of his warlike son's varied repertoire. But so it was. Haran-

guing, promising, taunting, threatening, Edgar led them, finally subdued, into one of the most satisfactory rehearsals of the year.

They waited till quarter of eleven on Sunday, and finally the men marched in alone, somewhat conscious and ill at ease, followed by a red-faced, determined rector, and a puzzled visiting clergyman. They sang "*O happy band of pilgrims*," but it was remarked by the wondering congregation that they did not look happy themselves. There was no music but the hymns, which, as they had been altered to well-known numbers, were chanted lustily by the inhabitants of the pews, thus winning the sincere admiration of the visiting clergyman.

"Really, such well-trained congregational singing is quite rare," he remarked afterward to the rector, and was somewhat surprised at the short answer: "It shall certainly never occur again."

"*And made a speech that will adorn the parish annals for many a year.*"

It had gone hard with the vested choir but for Mrs. Ogden. Mr. Fellowes pleaded in vain; in vain the Ladies' Auxiliary passed resolutions; the rector was firm. It was only when Mrs. Ogden swept in upon him in his study, a chastened, still apprehensive boy under one arm, followed by half a dozen women similarly equipped, and made a speech that will adorn the parish annals for many a year, that he yielded, respectfully convinced.

Edgar had met his Waterloo, and lived, so to speak, under a consequent military surveillance; with much of his prestige gone, his pay docked for a month, and the certainty of approaching warm weather, when it would be impossible to take cold, and nothing but a summons to the choir invisible could excuse him from rehearsals here, to render the future all too clear to him. In the words of the Processional,

"*His tongue could never tire*
Of singing with the choir."

To-day, if you should attend Evensong at St. Mark's, you will beyond a doubt be delighted with a silver voice that appears to proceed from a violet-eyed boy with a sweet expression.

"*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord!*" the voice declares melodiously, but it is doubtful if its owner is in a thankful frame of mind. He would in all probability prefer to be with his brother Samuel, who is at present touring the West triumphantly with a Methodist revivalist, rendering "*Where is my wandering boy to-night?*" to weeping congregations for ten dollars a week and his traveling expenses. And even this success leaves Squealer dissatisfied; he would far rather be in his father's position—first tenor in the Denman Thompson Old Homestead Quartette—and sing "The Palms" behind the scenes when the stereopticon vision of the repentant prodigal thrills the audience.

It would seem that your artistic temperament is doomed to discontent. Whereas Mrs. Ogden, who cannot carry a tune, is perfectly satisfied with fine laundry work.

THE ONE WHO THOUGHT.

By James Barnes,
Author of "The Great War Trek."

HE was the junior subaltern and he could boast five months' service almost to a day. He possessed a tendency to blush and a slight impediment in his speech that was half stammer, half lisp. His curly hair was cut short and his helmet, which was a trifle large, came down over his ears. There was no danger of its falling off, however, for he always wore the strap under his chin, and it had stencilled a little white line in the sunburned red of his face.

His regiment was one where they preserve old-time traditions. They rose and saluted the colonel upon every possible occasion, they 'sir'-ed each other left and right, and the junior subaltern was never expected to express an opinion upon any question whatever. The regiment had a fighting record behind it, and was as good as any of the other shire regiments; and that means that it was as good as any that ever wore red or khaki.

Now, on this day, it had marched some twelve South African miles (which means a good twenty this side of the water), and incidentally it had climbed one or two rocky kopjes, and struggled through a half score of dry sandy sluits, down one bank and up the other. It had waded three drifts deep in clinging, black mud, and when it had settled down for the evening, the bulk of the transport was a matter of four miles or more behind. Most of the blankets and great coats were on the wagons, and it was going to be cold. Twilight had merged into moonlight, and overhead in the clear African sky very early the great stars were blazing and twinkling, and somehow (it may have been the march or the moon), no one seemed much inclined to talk. The mess was not very large. To look at it, no one would have recognized in the thin-faced, tired-looking men in the smudged yellow uniforms, the officers of one of the smartest of the line; nor would any one have known, after seeing the bivouac, that it was a regiment at all.

When the troopship left England it had numbered 1,280 stalwart young fellows keen on life and eager for fighting. Most of them talked with a bit of their own shire twist in their speech that bewrayed them as much as the little printed name—white on red—on the left side of their helmets. But now the quartermaster-sergeant could have told you that they numbered exactly 553, and that included the colonel and the bugler boy.

The rest—Lord knows where they were! Some had gone back to England to be repaired (perhaps damaged beyond all hope), others were still in the hospitals, scattered as far back as the long trail extended, a few were on details (thumping along with the M. I., some), and the rest, who were not present to answer to their names, lay beneath little unmarked rocky heaps, lost and forgotten, somewhere out in the wide-stretching veldt. They can show one place, however, where twenty lie together, and they can show you a hill that is remembered because they had something to do with making it different from other hills.

But to come back to this night. The colonel was grumpy because the little cart that was his own and carried his particular brand of whiskey and cigars had broken down at the second drift, and the wagon to which his belongings had been transferred had not yet arrived. The rest of the mess were grumpy at having to go out on this wild-goose chase of an expedition, when they had rather have stopped in the town back there, which was a conquered one, with a conquered club, and conquered privileges.

"I think,"—began the junior sub, suddenly breaking the silence, and then he faltered. They looked round at him, and the colonel, from his seat on the biscuit box, stopped spreading some caviare on a big piece of soggy Boer bread and glared at him.

"I—I think," began the boy again, this time stammering slightly.

"Well," remarked the senior captain, "what the devil do you think?"

"I think that the cavalry have gone through the nek, sir."

"And what the devil makes you think that?"

put in the colonel, taking his cue from the senior captain.

"I don't know, sir," returned the boy. "I was just thinking, and we don't see their fires."

The fact was that he had first spoken aloud without meaning to.

"Well, what if they have?" pursued the colonel, addressing the adjutant this time. "It's their business to keep in touch with us anyhow, eh?"

"I should suppose so," returned the adjutant laconically.

"I do think they kept a bit ahead, sir," put in the lieutenant of G Company. "Old Spuff told me he expected to bivouac on the other side near the pan. He was out there last week, you know, and knows the ground."

"Confound him," said the colonel; "he can't expect my men to keep up even with his bony old hat-racks when a third of them haven't any soles to their boots. What the devil we were sent out here for beats me anyway. I'll wager there isn't a Boer within fourteen miles."

"I heard to-day that the Boers were on their way to this very place," put in the boy.

"And how did you hear that?" asked the senior captain. "By gad, we are becoming very knowin'."

"There was a Kaffir by the road spoke to one of our Kaffir boys, and I asked him and he told me, sir."

"Humph, Kaffirs!" snorted the major, who hitherto had not spoken a word.

"It was reported to me at the time, colonel," spoke up a broad-shouldered young fellow sitting close to the fire. "I didn't think it worth noticing." He closed his silver cigarette case with a snap.

The rest of the mess, who had paid just enough attention to the conversation to follow it, smiled. Kaffirs' tales were worse than old wives'. It was conceded that a black would tell another anything that came into his head, and tell white men only the things he thought they would like to hear.

"He—he was a very intelligent-looking Kaffir," stammered the boy, "I think——"

"You better go turn into your blankets, youngster," said the major.

"No," put in the thick-set, gray-templed young captain. "He's on guard with Mallon."

"Have you stationed the outposts?" asked the colonel in an undertone. He generally left everything to his adjutant, who was a better soldier than he was, and he knew it.

"Yes, sir," was the reply in the official voice. "There's one back there near the drift, sir, and Mallon and his company are off here on the slope of this kopje. Couldn't get 'em up to the top; it's too steep and the men were done."

"How about this side?" asked the colonel, pointing to another great black hill whose rocky shape was moulded into soft shadow and rounded outline by the moonlight.

"Sergeant and eight men over there, sir. Besides, I think the youngster was right; the cavalry have gone through the nek. They will probably get their outposts up the hill, and if they don't they're guardin' the other side anyhow. We're all right."

"Don't think there is a Boer within twenty miles," observed the colonel, adding a good six to his previous estimate.

The officers who were going on outpost had had their blanket rolls carried out by their servants. The subaltern buttoned his coat tight under his chin, and leaving the ruddy circle of the firelight, began to climb the hill on the right of the road.

Mallon was only lieutenant, but he was in command of the company, and the fact that it was a good one reflected great credit upon the sub and the first sergeant, for Mallon, brave as a man could be, and a good sporting chap, was never made for a soldier. The routine part of it bored him; he confessed the fact frankly. Besides this, he was lazy and a bit careless. He grunted a few questions to the sergeant, who replied—heels together, arms stiff—"Yes, sir; yes, sir," to each one, whereon Mallon wriggled his huge shape under the kaross of his sleeping-sack, and stowed his head in the shadow of a big rock out of the moon glare.

But the sub walked a few yards up the slope and sat down. He was still thinking. He remembered the excited gesticulations of the Kaffir that he had seen talking to the voorlooper of the big ox-wagon. He recalled the fact that the man appeared to be out of breath, and that his bare legs were dusty above the knees. The black who had translated the message had been excited, too. Perhaps there might be some truth in it! He looked over his shoulder.

The steep sides of the kopje towered four or five hundred feet above him. Then he lowered his eyes. The men lay here and there, huddled among the rocks. The sergeant, pulling sleepily at his pipe, was propped up with his back to a great boulder. The boy went over to him.

"Sergeant—No; as you were!—don't get up. Haven't we got a man farther up the hill here?"

The sergeant struggled to his feet.

"Yes, sir," said he, "there's a post up there, sir, by the ledge."

"How far?"

"Oh, a good bit, sir."

The sub walked away and sat on the rock again, and the sergeant sank down in his old position. The moon rose and grew bigger and brighter. The sky was blue. Things were not masses merely, but resolved themselves into colors in the clear light. It was a night that one never sees in England, nor in fact anywhere, except South Africa, or fairy land. The very earth seemed to sparkle, and the water in the nearest spruit shone like quicksilver.

"Now, on this day, it had marched some twelve South African miles."

The boy took a letter from his pocket. He had really at first taken it out to see if he could read it, and finding that it was no task at all, he went on to the end.

There came into the boy's mind, as he sat there with the letter in his fingers, the picture of an old man walking up the pathway of an English garden. Then in his imagination the boy followed the old gentleman into the hallway of the big house with the staring windows that overlooked the terraces.

This letter that he had read by the moonlight was from his grandfather, an old soldier who knew the Mutiny and the Crimea, and could remember shaking hands, as a subaltern, with the Iron Duke himself. It was full of advice, delivered in the old-fashioned way, exactly as the squire speaks in "Sanford and Merton"—little trite texts, like the things that we copied in the copy-books. On this occasion they were on military subjects, and they were good in the main, but they harked back to the days of Brown Bess and steel to steel. Here was one of them: "Remember, my boy, that if you are charged in an open plain by a superior force, you should meet them with a volley and a counter charge. The bayonet is the more deadly in the hands of a moving body."

"Bayonets," thought the boy. He had been in five battles (at least so they were called in the papers), and he had seen men killed and men wounded, but never yet, so

far as he could remember, had he seen a fighting enemy. Little moving figures dodging here and there on mile-distant hills, and retreating clouds of dust, and all of that, which includes, of course, smokeless noise, and invisible, whining, scurrying projectiles. But war had changed since the days when they wore curly topknots and high leather stocks, and a battle was not like the first ideas he had of battles—it was much less picturesque than an Aldershot field day. To come back to the letter. It concluded with a sentence that the old gentleman must have cribbed from penny-wise modernity.

"When you have nothing else to do, my boy, think of what may be coming next." Whether it was from the advice or not, the boy had been thinking all day. And he thought now that it was very foolish to be in camp under the foot of a kopje; in fact between two of them, and one at the end of a long flanking ridge, without having an outpost on the top. It was just that way that the transport had been taken on the Riet River some months before, and he remembered that incident well, for he had been there and had seen it. But the rest had apparently forgotten, and he was only a subaltern—so what was the use?

He looked down at the bright valley. He could see the smouldering embers of the fires, he could see the brown shapes of some Kaffir kraals, huddled away near the last drift, and farther off there rose a line of trees, narrow and straight, like the ones that come with a child's Noah's Ark. There was a Boer farm-house nestling there. He thought he saw a light in the window. A few belated wagons of the transport were struggling up the road. He could hear the yapping mule-talk of the drivers. He leaned his head back and looked up at the stars, and now he was thinking not of war, but of anything that came into his head. He thought of his mother; he hardly remembered her; other chaps had mothers to write to, but he was an orphan and had nothing but a foolish, gabbling old granddad. He got thinking of home and school and the Thames, and some girls he knew, and what a strange thing life was, and what he would do when he went back to London, and so he went to sleep.

He awoke because it was cold. The moon was almost down in the west, but it was still light, with an uncertain shadowless skyglare. He looked at the watch upon his wrist, and to his surprise he found that it was not so late after all. In a few minutes the relief would be sent out. So he got to his feet, and with his mind intent on something that had been there before he had dozed off, he started up the hill. He had meant to have seen where the farthest sentry was posted—that was it! He climbed over rocks and boulders; his teeth were fairly chattering at first, but the exercise made him warmer, and he was glad to be moving. Suddenly he found himself close against what appeared to be the sheer side of a cliff. But no sentry! He turned and looked back to the valley again.

The fire embers were out, there was a chilly mist spread along the stream bed, and the voices of the Kaffir drivers had hushed. "The transport's in; that's one blessing," he thought. His foot struck something that rattled. He stooped down and picked it up. It was a little pasteboard box, yellow in color and made to imitate wood fibre. There was something printed on it in German. The boy knew what it was, for he had seen hundreds of them—the little boxes in which the Mauser cartridges in clips of five were packed. So the Boers had been here! Oh, yes, he remembered—of course—it was here that they had the skirmish ten days ago when poor old Jack Leonard of the lumbering well-intentioned "M. I." was pipped through both lungs. There might be something more about. The sub bent over and then straightened himself and bent over again.

There, in a little patch of sand, between two big rocks, were the marks of horses' hoofs. Small, unshod hoofs! He was not enough of a scout to know if they were fresh or not—but how had they got there? Nothing but a goat could have climbed the hill the way he had come. Then suddenly he saw he was in a path, a tortuous, narrow path that twisted in and out among the boulders, but kept close to the base of the sheer stone wall that rose above it. Next question—where did this silly, foolish path lead to? "Must go somewhere," he thought. "I see; it's a short cut into the nek."

"Deuced odd," said the sub aloud. So he followed it for perhaps two hundred yards.

Now he remembered having noticed, ever since he had seen the kopje from afar, a jagged, brown line like a split or cleft that ran down its side from the crest halfway to the middle.

The path led to the bottom of the jagged brown line. "Well, I never," thought the sub as he stumbled along. But when he came to the place where the trail, after a double round a big rock, turned sharp to the left, he stood and whistled. The brown line was

not a crack. It was the opening into a narrow pass that almost divided the hill in two, and the path led, steep and straight, to the very top. It was very dark, but he could see a patch of white light rising like a cloud way up on the rim.

"Here's a go," he thought. "What if ?—" He turned and looked over his shoulder at the valley—"Gad, I'll risk it. I can get up and back before relief." So he went up the steep incline, sometimes on his hands and knees, but going it for what was in him. In less than five minutes he clambered out into the centre of the patch of light, and he saw how things were. The narrow pass was only a dent in the kopje side that led down to the lower opening. The top of the kopje was quite flat, and the boulders were not so big as down below. But he soon forgot near-by things in looking far away all around him. He had the strange sense of unreality that one feels upon suddenly coming out into the vantage spot of a panorama. It looked quite artificial, and yet it made him dizzy. In his imagination he could see just where the foreground ended and the canvas began. The view seemed to stretch up and down, painted so skilfully that he would like to go up closer to see how it was done. And the reason for this was the stillness—nothing moved, nothing sounded. He walked over to the edge, where he could look down on the sleeping regiment.

"He was in a path, a tortuous, narrow path that twisted in and out among the boulders."

He could only make out the wagons; everything else faded into the color of the earth and rocks, but as he looked he saw a spurt of flame, and then another. He could see some dim figures moving, and he knew that the fires were being lighted. At the same time there came from ever so far (from the Kaffir kraals, more than likely), the sharp, clear crow of a cock.

It was wonderful how all these things brought the sense of reality to him. The moon was sinking behind the distant line of hills, but there was a glare in the east that he knew well enough. The dawn was breaking! He lifted the watch in its little leather bracelet to his ear. It was stopped!

The sub swore softly, not very bad swear words—stammering a little as he did so. What would the others say? Of course he had a right to go to sleep if he wished to, but he should have been awake at the time relief was posted. Mallon probably saw him, and good-naturedly let him rest. Mallon wouldn't say anything about it; to be sure it was lucky nothing had happened. But the gray, shadowless light was widening—growing. It was astonishing how the dawn came on. It rushed up and fairly split out of the eastern sky. The sub started suddenly and paused. He had caught a glimpse of a man's head and shoulders almost a mile away rising above the big stones on the cliff side. The man's back was turned and he was waving his hand as if wafting some one to him.

Now, what the sub saw when he moved a little (keeping well out of sight) was enough to lift his helmet well off the bridge of his nose. It started creepy feelings down his back and tingling patches back of his ears. The path, that ran along the ridge top, sloping slightly northwards in a half circle, was full of men! Shaggy, unkempt men on shaggy, unkempt horses! Some were dismounting, others were going up the little slope in the direction of the beckoning arm, their rifles held like deerstalkers' balanced and easy. The sub did not stop to count, but he judged there must be at least five hundred, for the line ran back far as he could see. Preceded by a small avalanche of rolling stones he rushed down the steep path by which he had ascended.

"Ca-pow!" There went a Mauser! "Ca-pow," another! "Nack-er!" There answered a Lee-Metford from somewhere down the slope. Just as he plunged into the open there ripped out a volley from the kopje overhead. "Pah-pah-pah-pah-pah"—the magazines were going!

"Hi! there! you men! where the devil!—you! you there! Halt! Halt all, B Company!" The sub didn't know his own voice. "Sergeant, where's Mr. Mallon?—Halt those men—bring them back here."

"Orders was to—sir."

"Bring 'em back. I'm giving orders!"

"Yes, sir," away went the sergeant down the hill.

A few belated members of the outpost were hurriedly getting into their slings—one man was tying up the ends of a puttee rapped round his foot, for he had no right boot, and merely the trace of a left. The sub thought of those small, sharp-pointed stones.

"Can you remember a message?" He was pointing his finger at the kneeling man.

"Yes, sir."

"Then find the Colonel—tell him from me—there's a path—here—leads to the top. I am going up there—send me twenty men and ammunition—we can save the guns and wagons—off with you, quick now!"

The man hobbled after the sergeant. The others looked at one another and smiled foolish, embarrassed smiles—one or two had nervous, half-frightened looks in their eyes. A tall lance-corporal began to breathe a soundless, tuneless whistle all to himself. He stopped suddenly.

"They're in the hell of a muck down there," he said to the nearest man, nodding into the valley.

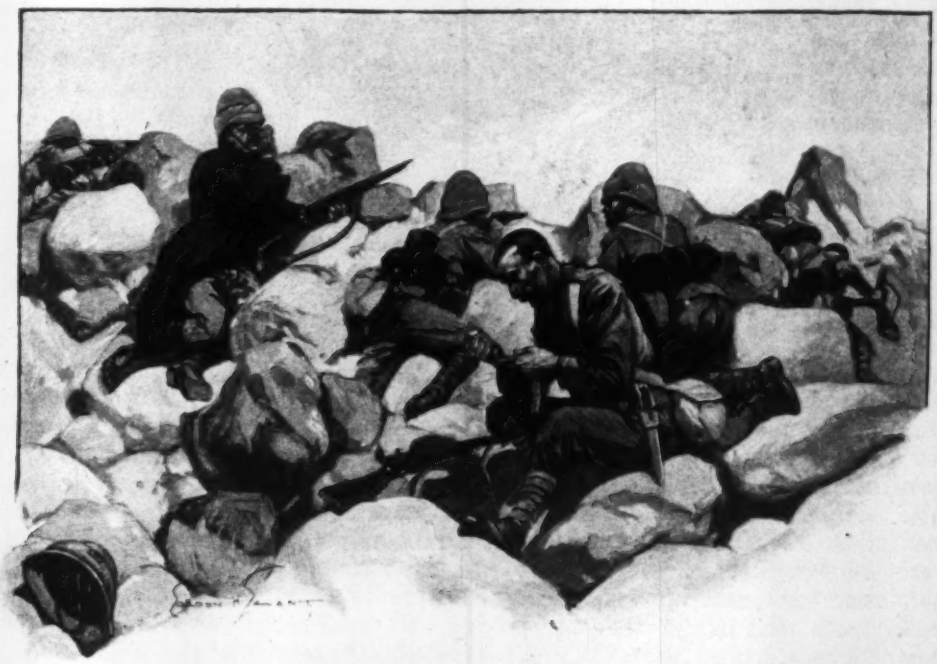
The sub looked and fairly groaned. Men were running this way and that—some on the flanks were lying flat behind stones and firing up at the kopje—some were getting into their slings with a sergeant hustling them as if they were a trifle tardy for roll call. In one case a company was standing at attention as if for inspection. The Kaffirs were doing their best to get the mules into the harness, but some were down already, and others were clearing. A few men were hit, for he could see the stretcher bearers come running from left to right. The scene had all the confusion of complete surprise. It would soon be worse! What if the Boers should reach the spur? But here came the sergeant, and with him five panting men.

"All I could get sir—Mr. Mallon, he—We'll catch it 'ot if we stay here, sir!"

"Fall in. Follow me at a double. Are magazines charged?"

"Yes, sir."

With sixteen men behind him the sub scrambled up to the little path and started



"'*Fix bayonets!*' *put in the sub suddenly.*"

along it hot foot. He did some thinking, too, as he ran. It would be a bit uncomfortable if he should come out in the middle of them when he reached the top, and it would be equally uncomfortable if caught halfway.

"There goes the guns, sir," panted the sergeant, who had kept pace with him.

Sure enough, as they entered the kloof the reports of artillery and bursting shells sounded over the line of kopjes on the farther side.

"The cavalry's getting it now," grunted the lance-corporal.

"'Ot and 'eavy—there goes the 'ten-a-penny,'" gasped a short-winded little private.

The "chung-chung-chung" of the Vickers-Maxim joined in the row.

The sub's heart beat almost as loudly.

"'Ow! my word!" panted the sergeant. "Must be attackin' in force, sir!"

That was just it. The party he had seen on the kopje top were not all. "Must be a lot of 'em," thought the sub. But it was too late to draw back now. The guns were with the cavalry (it was not mounted infantry this time). They could save those guns if they tried to get back through the nek. As they debouched on to the little plateau his voice was shrill.

"How they reached the bottom neither could have told."

"We're in time, Sergeant! Spread out, you men! Lie down, lie down! Don't you see them? Here they come—close to—along the path here—Fire! Fire!"

There was no question about it, the sub was excited. "Down, down! and fire, you bally idiots!" he cried. (He quite forgot he was standing up in plain view.) A few shots were loosed before the Boers discovered that they were headed, and now the reason for the delay in reaching the spot was clear. They were pushing and dragging a seven-pounder Krupp up the path. At the first shot they vanished among the rocks on either hand like gophers.

"'Ave a care, sir," implored the sergeant. "For Gawd's sake get down yourself, sir!" He put up his hand and gently grasped the long great coat, and as he did so the sub felt a quick tap on his helmet and sudden swift breath along his hair. He crouched down, still giving orders—quiet and cool now, though a glorious excitement was humming through him—the joy of the fighting man who has dropped all sense of self.

"Farther out on the left—crawl out—don't keep together. There you are—save your ammunition. We can hold 'em back."

He settled down beside the sergeant and poked his own rifle—for all the company officers carry rifles—over the top of the stone in front.

The air was full of the crazy little hurtling musical notes—changing from sharp to flat—singing out of key—whimpering shrilly—or whiffling viciously with a sound, half snap, half whistle. "Prr—rtprrrtt" they would strike in among the rocks; "tzingz—g" they would go glancing off. The Mausers were coughing out there among the rocks, but neither side had settled down to the slow and sure shooting that is the deadliest.

"Better fire from round the rock, not over it, sir," cautioned the sergeant, who had done hill-fighting in Tirah. A bit of nickel steel had struck in close and filled the sub's face with stinging slivers of stone. "They see you, sir, that way."

The sub settled himself farther down on his elbows, and the sergeant's rifle barked.

"Got one, sir! He's kicking like a old——"

"Spat!" The sub didn't dare to look. The sergeant's head had fallen forward with his face in his helmet, one of his feet quivered a moment, then he lay still.

A feeling half of sickness, half despair made the sub shut his eyes. "Why did men want to do this sort of thing?" A dry sob came in his throat. "Why couldn't they—?" He shook the feeling off, and it never came again. It was all right. What would his grandfather say? He was there to save those guns!

"Steady there, men," he called. "Corporal—pass the word to that man on the left to save his ammunition."

"'E thinks 'e's a blooming harsenal," muttered the corporal half to himself. "Hey, you, Perkins, wot 'nell you firing at? Orders are let up on that!"

"Manley 'ere 'es 'it," called a red-headed fellow down the line. "Keep still, lad; rollin' round won't 'elp you!"

There was silence for a minute. Then: "Oh my—oh my," muttered a voice two or three times—it was not a groan, it was not even a complaint. "Let's 'ave your water-bottle, Bill—oh! Lord—move me a bit, carn't you?"

The red-headed one half rose.

"As you were!" said the sub sternly. "There's no use having two."

The way the bullets were driving over the plateau would have meant sure death to any moving thing out of the shelter of the rocks. The men lay with their heads down. They looked as if they were holding on to avoid being blown away. The artillery and the "pom-pom" were having a merry time over the hill now.

"'Oh, thanks—sir—it's but a scratch.'"

"Manley, we'll get to you in a minute—just a minute," said the sub, putting as much encouragement in his voice as possible.

"I'm all right—all right, sir," answered the man faintly. Then he began to cough.

"'E's done for, sir," muttered the corporal. "Good Gawd—'ere they come."

There was a lull in the firing, and then at the word the Lee-Metfords began. They swept the advancing Boers out of the path, and once more they scuttled in among the rocks. But another man had caught it, and was lying still off on the right.

"We've stopped them," remarked the private next to the lance-corporal. "Bet a tenner they won't try that again."

Then everybody lay without talking for a time, only the shots answered one another back and forth. "Put—pat—ca—pow, thwacker." Sometimes a bullet would go whizzing down the path, leaving its trail of sound, just as it does at the rifle butts. Then all of a sudden another man was hit—a glancing shot, clean through the throat. The sub wriggled over to him and bound him up clumsily with a first-aid bandage. The man could not speak, but his eyes were frightened. The red-headed private

began taking off poor Manley's cartridge pouches. Four men now gone out of the sixteen! But they still held the hill! If the cavalry could keep back the Boers in front—the guns could yet get back through the nek. But the shots seemed all round, even behind, and the guns were still at it. They had not moved!

The enemy in front seemed to be less in numbers. They had apparently gone off to left and right. There was a line of firing stretching away to the eastward.

It was getting very warm; the sub guessed it must be nearly nine o'clock. How much longer would they be able to stay there? The men had settled down to the work now in business-like fashion. They were firing slowly and saving their cartridges. But even at this rate there would be none left in an hour. All round the reports were growing less and less, but occasionally they would break out in a fresh place as if some one had found a nest and poked it. The men began to complain of thirst. The water bottles were emptied long ago.

But the sub was thinking again. If he had a hundred more men—and they could come up the path yet safely—he could throw out a line on the right, work round carefully and enfilade the force in front; it would be simple enough. They might sweep the hill! Why had the colonel not followed out his suggestion; at least, why had he not sent up ammunition? He might have known they would need it by this time.

He took out his note book and scribbled a few lines, after making two or three false starts. Then he folded it.

"Want that taken down, sir?" asked the lance-corporal.

"I'll take it."

"No, I want you to stay here."

"Let me go, sir." The man on the other side spoke up. He was a good soldier, with a handsome, dissipated face, a deplorable drunkard when he could get liquor.

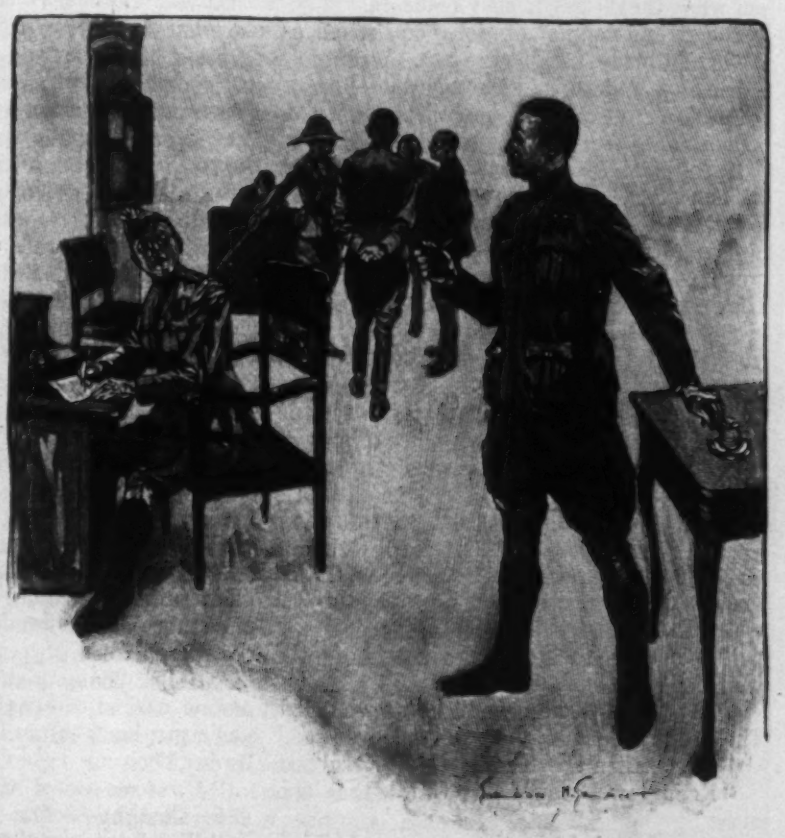
"Let Talcott take the bottles too, sir!—'Ere, pass along them bottles," shouted the corporal.

They were tossed from shelter to shelter, and Talcott, half reclining, slipped the straps over his shoulders; then he took the note and buttoned it into his pocket.

"Never fear, sir, I'll be back—I was born to die in a bed," he laughed.

They watched him creep to where the path pitched over the steep edge down into the slanting well. He rose to his feet, and then, as if thrown by an invisible wrestler, down he went with a jangle of the water-bottles and lay there. As if encouraged by this the Mausers started furiously.

The red-headed soldier, in the act of firing, lost the thumb of his left hand, the thumb of his right, and the bullet glancing from the stock of the rifle, traversed his cheek. In a minute he was a gory, helpless specta-



"'*Hello, young man! . . . Where were you yesterday?*'"

cle. But not a word did he utter. He twisted his hands into his tunic and lay back the picture of despair.

An hour went by. There were ten cartridges left! The guns beyond the hill had not fired a shot for fifteen minutes, but there was an intermittent snaffing round the edge of the kopje, and out in front there were some painstaking marksmen lying well hid. The rocks on the crest were splotched with bullet marks, crushed and curled-up blobs of nickel and lead lay all about. But ten cartridges! Three belonged to him. The two men on the flanks had thrown down their useless rifles—one lit his pipe.

"I wonder where they'll take us to?" he half asked the man beside him.

"Fix bayonets!" put in the sub suddenly.

The men looked at him as if they thought he had gone mad. But they obeyed, snapping the ugly knives to their rifle barrels, and then they lay there waiting. If he had told them to charge they would have gone forward—it was none of their responsibility.

"Just poke those bayonets over the rocks, you men," ordered the sub. "We'll show 'em what they'll get if they come on."

The strange signal of defiance flashed as the bright blades caught the sun. It brought a drove of bullets, and the men lay close.

"Let 'em all come!" chortled the lance-corporal.

Hardly had he spoken when from about six hundred yards, directly rear, a plunging fire came down. The Boers had gained the higher crest across the nek! There was no shelter now for the obstinate little band. They could be picked off—caught like rats in a bin. Almost before any one could move *eight men were hit.* The red-headed man was struck in the head and never stirred—killed outright. The little private next to the lance-corporal threw down his rifle, and ran for the path, bounding over the rocks like a rubber ball.

"For Gawd's sake, sir, let's out of this," groaned the corporal. "Run for it; there's no use staying here, sir." He rose to his knees and then crouched down again, his eyes filled with a wild appeal.

"Let's try to get out some of the wounded."

"Lord, sir! There won't be no wounded. They're firin' 'eavier, sir; worst I ever see."

"Come, then!" The boy almost sobbed.

"Keep low—crawl, sir—Gawd, that was close!"

"No; I can't leave them, corporal!"

"Then I'll stay with you, sir."

The absolute hopelessness was sickening. The sub groaned. His will was leaving him, everything within him was crying: "Run, run!" The chance of reaching the edge of the gorge was slight; he hated to leave his stricken men. Yet he saw that to stay meant sooner or later a bullet would find him. The Mausers on the hill behind kept potting steadily, and their range was excellent. Suddenly a wounded man spoke.

"Better leave us here, get away if you can, sir."

The men were right, there was no use staying. Besides, if one started the enemy might see that the rest were disabled and stop firing. He rose to his knees. "Come, corporal. We'll make a try for it."

"Yes, sir. I'm with you, sir."

They gained the path in safety, and plunged down.

How they reached the bottom neither could have told. But when they made the sloping hill outside, the corporal half stumbled.

"I've—got it, sir," he faltered.

"Are you badly hit?"

"Not much—the arm—keep on, sir."

On they ran. Way, way ahead they could see what was left of the regiment across the spruit. They were going back the way they had come. The guns were not with them! Nearby, the Boers were looting the wagons. There were many limp, huddled figures among the rocks. Although the sub did not know it, his own colonel was over there on the right, wounded and a prisoner. He slipped his arm through the corporal's, and they bore away to the left. No one fired at them now. In fifteen minutes they reached the spruit and lay down on the bank to breathe.

"We're well out of that mess," gasped the corporal. "Oh, thanks—sir—it's but a scratch."

The sub did not reply. He was bandaging the corporal's arm with his handerchief, but he was thinking of one thing. He had not saved the guns!

Late the next day the adjutant of the regiment entered the club, for they were all back once more (what was left of them) in the conquered town.

"Hello, young man!" he called to some one at one of the writing desks. "Heard you'd got back safely. Where were you yesterday?"

"I was on top of the kopje. You see, I—I—thought——"

"Well," interrupted the adjutant bitterly, "you were the only one who did!"

THE DEMON IN THE CANON

BY · HENRY · WALLACE · PHILLIPS

"I know not where the truth may be;
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."
(Probable misquotation of old couplet.)

THERE was once an earnest missionary who went to the trouble of learning the Sioux language, in order to be of more use in his chosen field. He spoke it with a strong Boston accent. One day he labored with a big Uncapapa brave long and eagerly. The Injun listened to all he had to say with grave attention. When at great length silence finally fell, the Redman spoke.

"Have you any tobacco?" said he.

"Why, no!" returned the missionary.

"Hungh! So long!" said the Injun, and rode away on a trot.

Now, there may be those who will object that the plain, unvarnished tale of my friend "Hy" Smith, which follows, is lacking in the robust qualities that truth alone can bring; to them I recommend the attitude of the Injun. But I must add this: Heaven forbid that I should have to stand good for any of Hy's stories! Still, some of what I considered his most outrageous lies afterward received strong and unexpected confirmation. For instance, the manner in which he earned his sobriquet of "Hydraulic" Smith I thought was pure fable, but no less a man than his former employer said that it was fact in every essential. Smith got his front name while working in a big hydraulic camp in Idaho. He was nozzleman. One day in an unusually merry mood he turned the monitor loose on a crowd of Chinamen who were working over tailings.

"HY" SMITH.

"And if ever you saw felt shoes and pigtails flying in the air 'twas then," said Hy. "It looked for all the world like Old Faithful had spouted in a poll-parrot cage. I don't know why I done it, no more than the man in the moon—it was one of them idees that takes hold of you, and gets put through before you can more'n reelize you're thinking of it—but it was the greatest success of its kind I ever see. We had a two-hundred-foot head of water and a six-inch stream, and I might say that there was a yaller haze of Chinamen in the atmosphere for the next ten seconds. I piped one Charley-boy right over the top of a tool-shed. Well, our boss was a mighty kind-hearted man, and when that crowd of spitting, foaming, gargling, gobbling Chinamen went to him, and begun to pour out their troubles like several packs of fire-crackers going off

to oncet, waving all the arms and legs I hadn't knocked out of commission, he was het up onsiderable. He never waited to hear my side of the story, but just rolled up his pants and waded into me up to the hocks; he read me my pedigree from Adam's wife's sister down to now, and there wasn't a respectable person in it, according to him.

"I didn't like it, and I made a swipe for him with a shovel, but he was too soople for me, and of all the lickings I ever got, that is the one I don't want to remember the most: he did a sort of double-shuffle fandango on my back, while he brought my legs into the argument with a sluice rake.

"When he asked me if I had had enough, I told him I thought it would do for the present, because, as a matter of fact, if all I had more than enough was money in the bank, I wouldn't have done no more work for the rest of my days.

"So then he calls me up and gives me my time, and I must say he treated me square when he said good-by.

"'You're the best darn man on a monitor lever that I ever did see,' says he, 'but anywheres else you're the foolest combine of small boy and dare-devil, and some other queer thing that I don't seem to be able to find a name for, that ever cumbered this earth. Now, get the —— out of this, and good luck to you.'

"I didn't feel a bit sorry for them Chinamen—they're only hairless monkeys that don't even know enough to wear their tails in the right place. Their arithmetic proves that. It's regular monkey figgering. They haven't any numbers that look like numbers at all. Suppose you want to multiply twenty-five by thirty-six, Chinee system? First you put down a rooster's foot-track; that's twenty-five. Underneath that goes the ground-plan of a small house; that's thirty-six. Then you take an hour off, and work out the sum with a lot of little balls on wires; then you put down the answer, and what do you think it is? Why, it's a map of Chicago after the fire! Shucks! And they call themselves men. I'd go old Job three-boils to his one rather than have any Chinks around me.

"Well, the boys labeled me Hydraulic Smith from that on, and I went prospecting. Took up with a feller named Agamemnon G. Jones. Aggy was a big, fine-looking man, with a chest like a dry-goods box, and a set of whiskers that would start him in business anywhere. They were the upstandingest, noblest, straightforwardest outfit of whiskers I most ever saw, and how they come to grow on Ag is a mystery; but they stood him in many a dollar, now, I tell you that!

"He was a man of pretty considerable education, in some ways, and he could make you believe that to-day was last Thursday a week ago, if you weren't on to him. At this time he was kind of under a cloud like myself, and the way it come about was this:

"He started an assay office when he first struck the gulch, and he used to bring in results according to the looks of the customer. If the man looked tender around the feet, Aggy'd knock it to him, and probably the shave-tail would be so pleased that he would fork out an extra ten; but if he was plainly vented as one of the boys, there would be just enough pay in the return to encourage him. Now, Jones did everything shipshape and in style. Here's the paper that made him trouble."

Hy fished a slip out of the bundle in his old pocket-book and handed it to me.

AGAMEMNON G. JONES, *Assayer*,
Qualitative and Quantitative Analyses.

Sample left by Mr. Idaho Kid. *No. 36,943.*

	Value per ton.
Gold	$362.13
Silver	186.90
Platinum	14.77
Lead	2.06
Iridium	.02
Osmium	.00003+
Copper	18.54

10:36 A.M. 3/16/81

Signed, AGAMEMNON G. JONES,
Assayer.

"Now, that was the worst that Aggy had ever sprung on anybody, because this Idaho Kid looked as if he hadn't been three weeks away from his mother; instead of which he was a hootin', tootin' son-of-a-gun in reality, and you might say he'd cut his teeth on a miner's candlestick.

"When the Kid saw that miraculous result, his eyes bunged out; then he took a long breath and wrecked the place. Aggy left at one that morning for fear that worse might follow. He fetched this paper with him to remind him that 'genius has its limitations,' he said. But he didn't seem to learn anything by it. Next he took up engineering. He hit a blame good job on Castle Creek in the Black Hills. The people wanted to turn the creek through a tunnel, so that they could work the bed, and at this point it was rather an easy business. The

stream made a 'U' about three-quarters of a mile long, the bottom prong being at least a hundred and fifty feet below the water-level on the top one—a smashing good fall—so Aggy started in on the down side to bore the hole up. Well, everything went lovely. He'd come around with his plans and specifications twice a day, and draw his hundred once a week regular for his great labors. At last, however, the shift-boss said they must be getting pretty near water; he could hear it roar through the face of the tunnel, he said. But Aggy told him not to be alarmed; he had it all worked out, and they weren't within forty foot of breaking through.

"'BEGUN TO POUR OUT THEIR TROUBLES LIKE SEVERAL PACKS OF FIRE-CRACKERS GOING OFF TO ONCET!'"

"So at it they went again, as cheerful as could be, and the next news they got, down comes the face, and they were being piped through four hundred foot of black-dark tunnel, trying to guess what was up, bumping and banging against the walls, and the whole of Castle Creek on top of them. My Chinamen weren't a circumstance. Aggy said they boiled out of the lower end of the tunnel where he was standing, so fast he couldn't recognize them, and, as a matter of fact, three or four of 'em were washed a mile down creek before they could make land. Aggy gathered that it was time to move again, so he pulled back for Idaho. There wasn't anybody really drowned, except old Tom Olley, a cousin-Jack whose only amusement in life was to wear out his pants laying low for cinches in the stud-poker game, and you couldn't rightly say he was any loss to the community. So Aggy used to regret sometimes that he hadn't stayed to face the music. They might have played horse with him for a while, but 'twould soon have blown over—miners not being revengeful by nature—and he was to have had an eighth interest, besides his salary, if the thing was a success.

"But there was no good of crying over spilt milk, and us two went prospecting.

"We located for a permanent stand down on Frenchman's Creek, near where three of Cap' Allys's greaser sheep herders had their camp. They did our hunting for us, and as there was nobody but them around, and they were the peacefullest people in the world, we didn't feel the need of any gun except Ag's old six-shooter. That was the cussedest machine that ever got invented by man. When you pulled her off she'd spit fire in all directions, filling the crotch of your hand with powder burns, and sometimes two or three of the loads would go off at once, when she'd kick like a Texas steer. There was much talk of bear around, and we

were always going to buy a real gun, some day, but we never got at it.

"Well, we prospered pretty well, considering how little we worked. A large part of the time was taken up with playing monte with the herders, and still more in arguing questions about religion and things like that; but we had a decent cabin built—with the kind assistance of the herders—and as we struck a rich little streak that run out ten dollars per man a day with no trouble at all, we were in clover.

"At last our stock of grub ran low, and Jones slid up to Salmon City to load up again. It was quite a trip, and as I didn't think it was square to work while Aggy was away, I took up with the herders. They were the decentest folks I ever struck. Play a little music on the guitar, sing songs that always wound up just where a white man's songs would begin, and tell stories and smoke cigarettes—that was the layout for them. Old Cap' Allys was a Christian, and he wouldn't let a man herd sheep all by himself—surest way to get crazy that ever was invented—so he sent the boys out three in a bunch.

"Those fellers had the darndest lot of fairy tales I ever did hear. And superstitious! Great Jupiter! Any little blame thing that happened meant something: this thing was good luck; that meant bad, and if you tried to josh them out of it, they'd shake their heads and look at you as if they thought you weren't truly religious. One of their yarns was about El Diablo de Fuego, 'The Devil of Fire,' which Miguel said ran in his family. Seems that when anything wrong was about to happen, this blazing, ripping monster showed up as a warning. I told Mee that I thought the monster was misfortune enough, without anything else, but he was scandalized.

"'Psst!' says he. 'Do not spik sooch t'eeng as dthat! Ay, di mi! Jésu-Maria-mi Cristo! Jésu, muy dolce y poquito! Dthat mek heem arrrrrrive dthat eenstant, eef djoo spik weez dees-rrreespeck!'

"'All right, Mee,' says I. 'We'll let her go at that—todo el mismo por mi, sabe? But how's the bear crop?'

"'Ay, cara! Is plenty goddam ba-are!' says Pepe. 'Keel three—four ship las' nigh'! That mek that two mus' seet oop for watch, an' alll ship mus' be in close-corrrrallll! I speet on the soul of that ba-are!'

"Gad! that wasn't cheerful news a little bit. If there's anything in this world I more than don't like, it's a bear—he's so darn big and strong and unreasonable, and unless you can catch him sitting, you can pump lead into him until you're black in the face, and it's all one to him. Well, I thought I might as well camp with the herders until Aggy came back.

"When he did show up he was rather under the influence of strong drink, and from the looks of the wagon he'd brought with him, I should say he'd bought about everything that was movable in Salmon City. I ain't easily astonished, but I must admit that some of the truck got the best of me. I kept asking, 'What in —— is this, Ag?' and he always answered, 'Ask the driver.' Well, now, if there was any choice between the two, the driver was drunker than Aggy, so you can imagine what a lot of satisfaction I got. There was one thing that I simply couldn't make head nor tail of, and I stayed with him until I got an answer on that.

"'Why, it's an alcohol cooking-stove,' says he, 'great medicine—no trouble to cook now at all. Just light her,' says he, waving his hand, 'and whoop! away she goes! Where's that can of alcohol? Here she is! Have a drink, Hy?'

"I took a small swig of it in a little water to please him, but there weren't stimmilants enough in the country to raise my spirits that night. I put all the plunder that I could lift up in the cock-loft, and the rest I left sitting around.

"'I don't exactly know where you fellers are going to sleep,' says I, trying to be sourcastic. 'Pity you didn't order a folding-bed, Ag.'

"'I did,' says he.

"'A folding-bed?' I repeats, not believing my ears.

"'And a piano,' says he. 'What is home without a piano? Answer: It's a place that can't hold the forte—dam good joke—keno—go up to the head, Jones.'

"'Well,' says I, after some other things, 'who's going to pay for all this?'

"'God knows!' says he, waving his hand again. 'Good-night!' and with that he fell down between a new bureau and a patent portable blacksmith's forge, and putting his head on a concertina, went sound asleep.

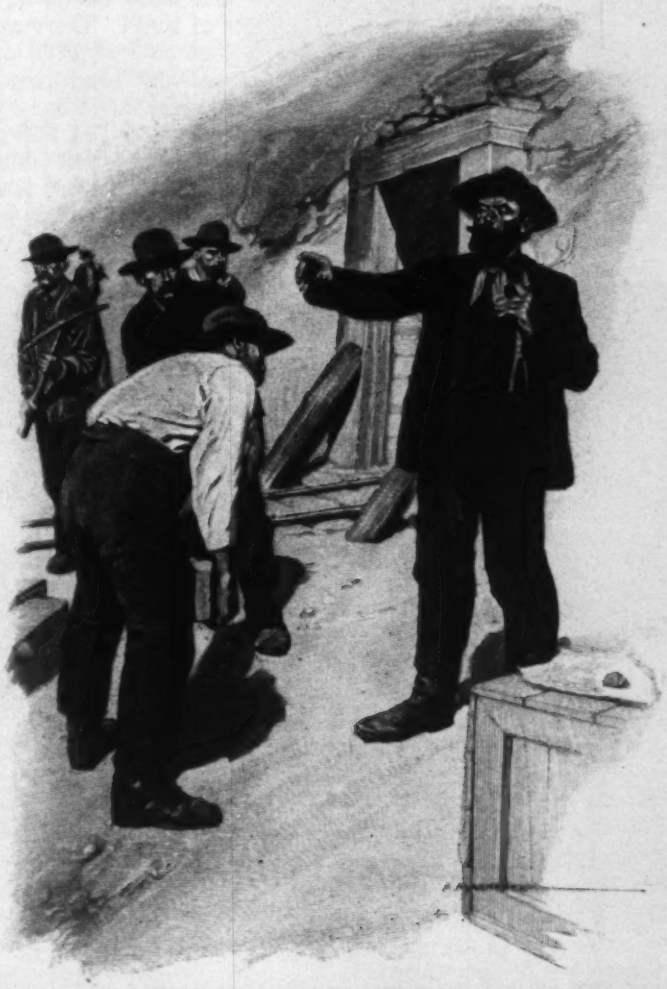
"I couldn't follow suit for some time; it's one thing to come home full of budge and animal spirits yourself, and it's quite different to have your pardner work it on you. At last, however, I concluded it would be all the same the next century, and turned

in, but I was so rattled that I forgot the bears, and didn't lock up with the usual care.

"It must have been about two in the morning when I woke all in a tremble. I had the feeling that things were away off, but I couldn't place what was the matter, until I looked at the square of moonlight on the floor that came through the window, and I was near to screech like a tomcat, for there was a monstrous black shadow bobbing back and forth in the patch of light. I drew on my bank for all the sand I had and raised my eyes. By all the Mormon gods! My heart fairly knocked my ribs loose. Nicely framed in the window was the head of a grizzly, and I'll take my oath it wasn't over a size smaller than a beer-barrel!

"'Now,' thinks I, 'if I can only get that gun before he sees me, and if the cussed thing will only do the right thing by me this once!'

"So out I steps, and the first rattle out of the box I stumbled on a few dozen of the purchases Ag had brought home, and down them and me came like an earthquake. It scart the bear so he drew back; no use trying to work a sneak now. I jumped for the holster, unlimbered, and turned the gun loose for general results. I guess every load went off, from the noise, and she flew out of my hand and vanished behind me. Lord! The place was full of smoke and the plunder that was scattered around, so you could neither see nor walk, and that bear was swatting the door in a fashion that showed he was going to give us a call any old how, and I was plumb distracted—for the life of me I didn't know what to do.



"'HE'D COME AROUND WITH HIS PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS TWICE A DAY.'"

"'Don't make such a damn noise!' growls Aggy.

"'You'd better get out of that!' I yells. 'You'll get noise enough in a minute!' But he didn't pay the least attention.

"Just before the door went down I broke for the cock-loft; it was the only spot that seemed to hold the teeniest bit of safety. I clim up the wall like a hopper-grass, but I had no more than made it when my friend was in the house. 'Twas me he wanted to see, too, apparently; for he never noted anything else, but headed straight for the loft. I had kind of hoped the other two would amuse him for a while, but it wasn't to be. With the door down, the moonlight streamed in so it was 'most as light as day.

"'Keep your big feet off me!' says Ag, very indignant, as the bear walked on him. It's a great thing not to know who you're talking to sometimes.

"Well, brother bear upends himself, and reaches for the loft. He could just nicely hook his front toe-nails on the board, and when I saw that, I would have sold myself out hide and hair and good-will of the business extremely reasonable. 'Here's where my esteemed friend Hydraulic Smith gets piped out,' I thought, and I tried to meet my finish like a man, but there was something about winding up as filler for a dirty, smelly bear wrapper that took all the poetry out of the situation.

"I saw that Aggy had got on to the state of affairs at last; he was crawling backward very cautious, and he had a look of pained surprise on his face that beat anything I'd ever seen on the phiz of man or beast before. For all I was so scart that I was sweating icicles, I couldn't help but snicker. Howsomever, at that moment brother bear threw his weight on the board, and she snapped like a toothpick, and my merry smile took a walk. Lord, I was in a desperate fix! He had only to keep on pulling down boards to the last one, and then, of course, I'd come down with it. Something had to be done. I grabbed a sack of flour and heaved it at him; the sack caught on a splinter and ripped, so beyond covering him with powder it had no particular result. He *did* stop and taste the flour, but Heavens, he had lots of time! There wasn't any good in that. But as I reached around for another weapon my hand struck the can of alcohol, and right then I had a genuine three-X inspiration. I pulled the plug from the can and poured the spirits down. The bear howled murder as the stuff ran into his eyes, and plunking himself on his hunkies, he be-

"'HE COULD MAKE YOU BELIEVE THAT TO-DAY WAS LAST THURSDAY A WEEK AGO, IF YOU WEREN'T ON TO HIM.'"

gan to paw and scrape it out. There was my chance! I fumbled through all my pockets as fast as my hand could travel —no matches! Then cussing and praying like a steam-engine, I tried it again; found a handful in the first pocket; dropped most of 'em, being so nervous, but scratched what was left and chucked 'em on Mr. Bear. Great Moses in the bulrushes! Events began on that instant. I've seen a cyclone, and an earthquake, and a cloudburst, and an Injun outbreak, and a Democratic convention, but roll 'em into one and that bear would give 'em cards, spades, big and little casino, a stuffed deck, and the tally-board too, and then beat 'em without looking at his hand.

"I simply can't begin to tell you all the different kinds of pure, unadulterated hell he raised with the stock of curiosities Aggy had bought in town. And the looks of him! White with flour half-way, spouting flames and smoke, and apparently three times as big as he was when he started! He was something before the people now, I tell you! And the burning hair smelt scandalous, and the way he ripped and roared made the ground tremble.

"'IT'S ONLY FAIR TO SAY THAT MIGUEL COULD RUN WHEN HE PUT HIS MIND TO IT.'"

"When he finally broke through the door, I was so interested that I forgot to be afraid, and hopped down to watch him go, and then I saw the last act of the tragedy.

"Miguel had heard the shot, and knowing we were in trouble, he was coming up the trail on his old buckskin, fairly burning the earth.

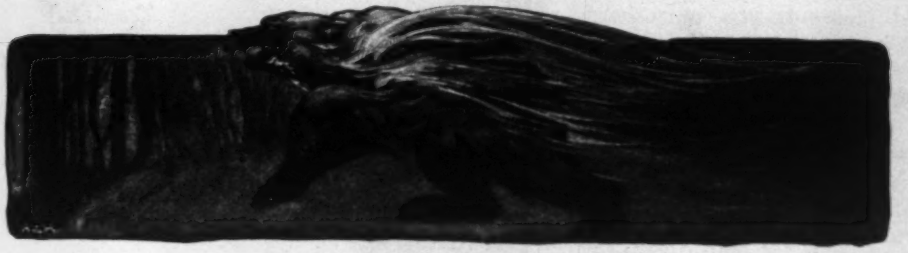
"He rounded a little clump of trees, and came plump on my bear, roaring, foaming, blazing, smoking, ripping, and flying! Well, sir, you can believe me or not, but I want to tell you that that cayuse of Mee's jumped right out from under him, and was half-way up Wilkin's Hill before the Mexican touched the ground. He was headed due west, and he must have reached the coast the next day, the gait he was traveling. Anyhow, he vanished from the sight of man forever, as far as we know.

"Mee sat froze just as he had landed, scart so there wasn't no more expression on his face than a punkin pie, and the bear hopped right over the top of his head. Then I reckon Mee thought his family friend had come for him, for he jumped ten foot in the air, and when he touched ground he was in full motion. It's only fair to say that Miguel could run when he put his mind to it. 'El Infierno esta suelto!' he yells. 'Santiago! Santiago! Ten quidado conmigo! Madre mia! Salvame! Salvame pronto!' Lord, I can see him now, scuttling over the fair face of the Territory of Idaho in the bright moonlight like a little bird—chest out; hands up; head back; black hair snapping in the breeze; long legs waving like the spokes of a flywheel, and yelling for Santiago to keep an eye on him, and for his mother to save him quick, as long as he was in sight. And when he passed, he passed out. He took a different direction from his horse, so it ain't

likely they met, but neither one of 'em was seen no more around our part of the country.

"Still, by and by there floated back to us a story of how a greaser had been chased by a horrible white devil that stood twenty foot high, with teeth a foot long, horns, hoofs, claws, and a spiked tail; which traveled at a rate of speed that made a streak of lightning seem like a way-freight, scattering red fire and brimstone as it ran; which chased said greaser forty mile over hill and dale and gulch and mountain top and bad-land district, after polishing off his horse in one bite, and finally sank into the ground with a report like a ton of giant powder.

"And I've often wondered what really become of that bear."



MAGIC OF THE PAST.

By Paul Kester.

O ghostly visitants
That haunt the lonely heart,
O trooping shadows of old joys,
Echoes of words that still return
Dream-like to paint anew
The vanished happiness
Of perfect yesterdays,
Can I not live
The old life once again,
Can I never for one little hour
Recall its poorest moment
For my rare delight,—
The drift of perfume
On the evening air,
The harvest fragrance
Of the distant fields,
The memory of night and moonlight
And the songs of birds,
The clang and echo of far bells,
The distant beating of the noisy iron,—
And hear the faint sweet benediction
As the twilight falls,
Of kind-voiced mothers
Calling their sleepy children
Home to bed,
Strange memories of the heart
That
Daylight shuts away,
That steal upon us in the night,
Like ghosts from out the past?